

# The TATLER

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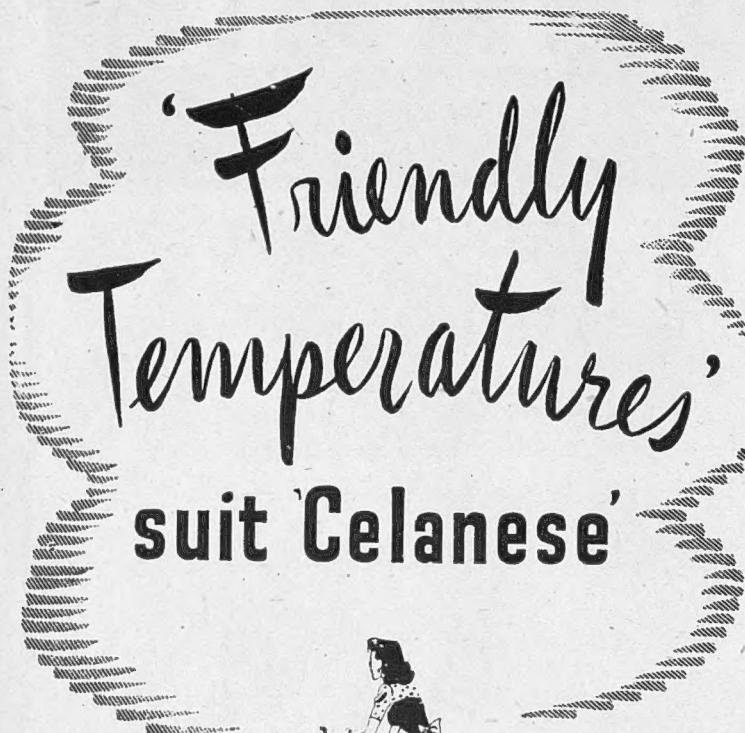
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The Marchioness of Abergavenny: By Olive Snell

The Marchioness of Abergavenny was Miss Nellie Larnach before her marriage in 1909. She is the daughter of the late James Walker Larnach and the late Lady Isabel Larnach, and is a granddaughter of the 9th Earl of Cork and Orrery. Her home is Eridge Castle, Tunbridge Wells, and besides being a member of the W.V.S. she is Vice-President of the Red Cross for Rye Division and area director of their Pennies Fund. Lord and Lady Abergavenny have two sons, the Earl of Lewes and Lord Rupert Larnach-Nevill, and their only daughter is Lady Angela Pepys. Lord Lewes married Miss Mary Patricia Harrison five years ago and they have two daughters



# WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

## Thaw

THE early thaw did as much as anything else to stop the Russian advance after Kharkov, and may be accountable in part for the loss of the city once again. But this turn of events is not a surprise to military experts, and certainly not to the Russian High Command. They anticipated that something of this kind might happen. In fact, the Russians never imagined that they would be able to take Kharkov. It came as an additional gain after their remarkable advance, and at a time when some of the force must have left their forward drive. It was known that the Russians could not keep up the push at the rate they had been doing for so long. In driving the Germans out of Kharkov they added a further blow at the organisation and the morale of the Germans. It was such a serious blow to the organisation of the German Army at this point that the German General Staff had to order the recapture of the city at all costs, if only for the reason that an orderly retreat to a shorter line could only be achieved by the possession of the railway junctions at Kharkov.

There is no doubt that Kharkov is a highly important centre, a point of vital value for future defensive or offensive operations. Whoever holds Kharkov must have considerable advantage. Hitler appreciated its value last year, and Marshal Stalin never leaves it out of his calculations. All the same, it does seem that the Russians snatched at the city before they were prepared—again because of the thaw—to hold it against superior forces. That the Russians have been able to retreat from the city without very heavy losses in men or material suggests that Marshal Stalin realised that his hold might only be tentative and, therefore, made plans accordingly. In summing up this reverse we should take into account that

originally Hitler lost Kharkov with heavy casualties and has had to regain it at equally heavy cost. The Russians have been able to avoid the encircling movement of the Germans, and have thus preserved their armies intact.

## Friendship

MR. ANTHONY EDEN's visit to the United States is timely. He planned to go early this year, but for one reason or another he had to postpone his plans more than once. It was essential, however, that he and his opposite number, Mr. Cordell Hull, should meet across the table without much delay. On a number of points of policy there seemed to be a divergence which personal contact could quickly correct. This was the Foreign Office view, and all the indications are that they were right and much good has already been attained. For instance, it seems that Mr. Cordell Hull had taken the mild criticisms of the Allied policy in North Africa as a personal criticism of himself, directed by the Foreign Office in Whitehall. There was never the slightest foundation for this assumption, and Mr. Eden has been able to say so with the utmost sincerity. Even after the second day's talks, Mr. Cordell Hull seemed to be unbending and benefiting by the contact with Mr. Eden and his officials. It would be unwise, however, to expect any dramatic results immediately. Mr. Eden's visit was regarded at the outset as one of those contacts which will eventually be regarded as a normal procedure of consultation between the United States and Britain in the years to come. Something similar to the contacts between London and Paris in the days before the war. It was then quite common for the British Foreign Secretary or the French Foreign Minister to exchange visits. The fact that Washington is less than a day's flight from London makes regular contact

between Britain and the United States a comparatively easy achievement.

## Future

MR. EDEN has never been to the United States before as Britain's Foreign Minister. His first visit was as an Under-Secretary at the Foreign Office, and his next in 1938 after his resignation from the Foreign Office as a protest against the appeasement policy of the late Mr. Neville Chamberlain. But he's always had an appeal for the Americans. Without searching very deeply beneath the surface in Washington, the publicists have proclaimed Mr. Eden as an anti-Munich man deserving of great credit. But the Americans always like to be in the van of progress, and so it was left to Miss Dorothy Thompson to tell Americans, as well as Britons, the other day "that America is probably welcoming a future Prime Minister of Britain." She describes how, in 1938, the Americans regarded Mr. Eden as the best-dressed man in England. According to Miss Thompson this impression now recedes into the background for "one sees a man strong and obstinate, a man whose charm is native and ineradicable. It is obvious he is not a changed man, but he has developed enormously—more obviously than any statesman whom I can call to mind." If we knew Mr. Churchill's mind we might find that Miss Dorothy Thompson is not far wrong in her prognostication and her assessment of Mr. Eden.

## Past

STRANGE things can happen in British politics, much stranger than occur in the United States, which some regard as the land of constant change. So we must not be too certain about Mr. Eden's future. Lord Londonderry lifts the veil of political secrets in his book, *Wings of Destiny*, which has just been published. He reveals that the late Mr. Ramsay MacDonald wanted Mr. Neville Chamberlain to succeed him as Prime Minister. Lord Londonderry says that it was a shock to Mr. MacDonald when Lord Baldwin insisted on becoming Prime Minister for the third time. Had Mr. MacDonald been in better health he would have carried on rather than that Lord Baldwin should be his successor. This, indeed, is a piece of history. What a difference there might have been if the late Mr. Neville Chamberlain had been enabled to win the experience of high



"Roof Over Britain": Members of the Ack-Ack and Their Chief

The official story of Britain's anti-aircraft defences has been told in "Roof Over Britain," published recently by the M.O.I., telling of the magnificent work of the A.A., Searchlight crews, Balloon Barrage, and the Royal Observer Corps since 1939. Above, an Army officer, in command of a London A.A. barrage, gives his orders by microphone in the gun-control room deep underground



General Sir Frederick Pile, D.S.O., M.C., seen above with a gun detachment, has been G.O.C.-in-C. Anti-Aircraft Command since 1939. Serving formerly in the Royal Artillery and later transferring to the Royal Tank Corps, he took command in 1937 of the First Anti-Aircraft Division, Territorial Army

office and great responsibilities two years before he actually did. Obviously, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald had formed a high opinion of Mr. Chamberlain's administrative ability, which all accounts justify. But Mr. Chamberlain's direction of high policy, which led to the period of appeasement, is still in question, and Lady Oxford and Asquith has given us the impression that Mr. Chamberlain was, after all, the high priest of insularity. I don't altogether accept this view. I think he was so appalled at the prospect of carnage and catastrophe that he tried to save the world from war, but once having seen its inevitability he laid down the armament programmes from which we are now benefiting. That is why I say it is a pity that Mr. Chamberlain was not Prime Minister two years before he was.

#### Mystery

ONE detects some discomfort in Goebbels's approach to the Hitler mystery. It seems that, for once, he doesn't know how to handle this story. In my opinion this is the only reason on which to base the assumption that something is sadly wrong with Hitler. Apart from that, it would be foolish to imagine that his withdrawal from the public gaze is anything but politic. Hitler is a great actor and, as such, a most emotional subject. Like an actor he can state his emotions to suit any situation, and the Russian reverses must have provided Hitler with ample scope for his talents. After such a thrashing as the Germans have received, Hitler may have wanted to hide himself and his thoughts for a purpose. While it is always possible that he is a broken man, and that his name is now but a symbol of Nazism, I prefer to be prepared for the possibility that after this fit, prolonged as it is, Hitler may yet emerge more determined and more rash than ever before. A man of his type, who believes the gods are with him, and has seen that a large part of the world also thinks so, is not one who gives up his sense of power easily. Having gambled for such high stakes as Hitler has, he will always be ready to go further and higher in the hope that another lucky throw will fall for him.

#### Co-operation

AT last there are signs that General Giraud and General de Gaulle are going to co-operate in the fullest sense of the word. General Giraud's broadcast of the principles



Prince Michael of Kent and His Mother : A New Portrait

Prince Michael faces the photographer cheerfully from the arms of his mother, the Duchess of Kent. Born last year shortly before his father's tragic death in an air crash, he is now eight months old. His birthday is on July 4, American Independence Day, and he numbers among his Christian names that of Franklin, after President Roosevelt, whose godson he is. The Duchess of Kent's elder son, Prince Edward, is now seven years old, and her daughter, Princess Alexandra, is six. Prince Michael is sixth in direct succession to the Throne



The Minister of Health and Some of His Collaborators

Mr. Ernest Brown, M.P., Minister of Health, was photographed in conference at the Ministry with his technical advisers. Dr. M. G. Lawson, Deputy Chief Nursing Officer, Miss Florence Horsbrugh, M.P., Parliamentary Secretary Ministry of Health, Miss K. C. Watt, Chief Nursing Officer, Mr. Ernest Brown, Sir Wilson Jameson, Chief Medical Officer, and Miss M. E. Flambert, Deputy Chief Nursing Officer

for which he stands appears to be a reasonable platform, although his method of inviting General de Gaulle to meet him may not appeal to Fighting French politicians. I have every sympathy with them. When all is said and done, it was General de Gaulle who raised the flag of French resistance, and for this alone, credit, as well as personal consideration, is due to him. But in spite of his unusual methods, if General Giraud is prepared to put his words into actions, we have reason for hope.

#### Results

RUSSIAN newspapers are giving fuller accounts of British and American activities. The Russian broadcasts have given accounts of Lease-Lend aid from America, and the newspapers have printed the speeches of Mr. Henry Wallace, America's Vice-President, Mr. Eden's talks in Washington, and an interview full of confidence in the future from General Montgomery. All this has happened since Admiral Standley spoke his mind and declared that the Russian people were not being informed of the full extent of American aid. It has occurred in spite of Mr. Sumner Welles's attempt at kid-glove diplomacy, by which he would have disowned Admiral Standley. Does this not show that the Russians appreciate plain words and straight dealing?

# MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

Mr. Welles's Latest

By James Agate

**S**OME of my colleagues have been indignant because with one exception none of the West End cinemas has thought fit to put on the new Orson Welles picture, *The Magnificent Ambersons*. The exception is the Astoria, in the Charing Cross Road, where I saw the picture. Let me say at once that I endorse the decision of the managements which boycotted it. Let us look facts in the face. The cinemas exist to make money by supplying the masses with entertainment, not to lose money by giving them something which will leave them unentertained and bewildered. "It is impossible," wrote Jules Lemaître some years ago, "that in a democracy of thirty-six millions the majority of the citizens should be artists; Paris, after all, is not Athens, and the present century bears very little resemblance to that of Pericles." And that goes for London too.

THE evening at the Astoria may perhaps make history. One was reminded of the great first night of Victor Hugo's *Hernani*, the night on which Gautier wore the famous red waistcoat. Also of that other first night at the Abbey Theatre, when Synge's *Playboy of the Western World* roused the audience to fury. But with this difference. That whereas the quarrels at the Paris and Dublin theatres were intellectual, the dissatisfaction at the Astoria was that of an audience cheated of its entertainment.

IT is, of course, the old highbrow business all over again. Your intellectual, maintaining that the plays in the commercial theatre are beneath contempt despite the fact that they draw full houses night after night, sets up a coterie theatre in which he produces the kind of plays which, he says, ought

to be successful. Good. You attend his first night and are treated to something which proves not how wrong your commercial manager is, but how right. Something in which the characters wear masks or have a double at their elbow to give voice to thoughts that normally remain unspoken. Something, in short, so dull that it could never begin to fill the ordinary theatre, and in fact, empties the coterie one at the end of a fortnight.

Now let's apply this to *The Magnificent Ambersons*. As a photographer Mr. Welles is a genius. Some of the shots in this picture look like Cecil Beaton and some like Renoir, and some like a mixture of both. In the sequence of the dying mother you just cannot tell whether she is passing away in her bedroom or the conservatory!

Being a genius Mr. Welles must be given a certain licence, and no sensible person is going to object to his partiality for making people on the tops of staircases hold long conversations with people in the hall below. And being a genius he naturally makes mistakes which the non-genius would instinctively avoid. We are shown one of the first motor-cars, a hissing, spluttering contraption. Good. Mr. Welles then proceeds to drive a highly-strung, mettlesome hackney past one of these monsters, of which it takes no notice! Doesn't Mr. Welles realise that at the sight, sound, or smell of this unusual object, any horse of the courage of the animal shown in this picture would have gone over the hedge and taken the gig with him? However, that is a detail, and, I repeat, Mr. Welles is a photographic genius.

I AM now going to advance a proposition at which the highbrow-eyebrows will be raised

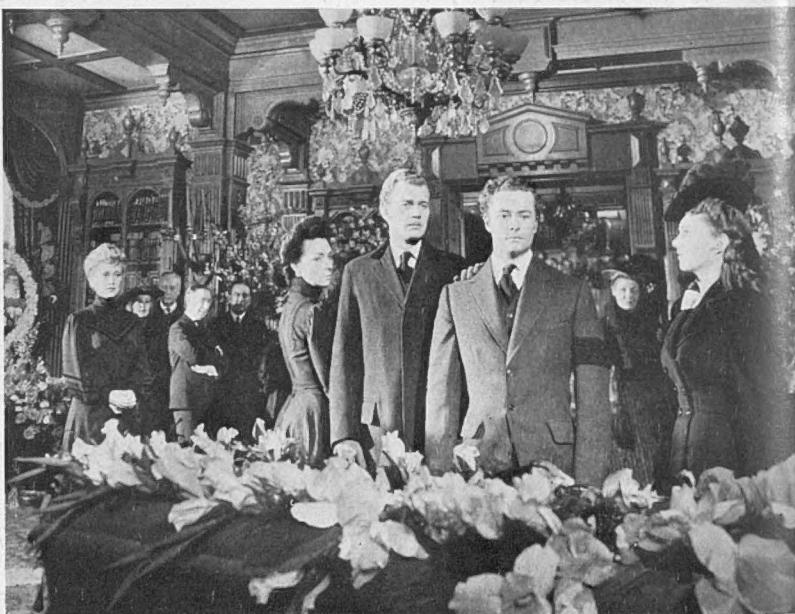
so high that they will fall off backwards. The proposition has two parts. One. When a story is as good as *Dark Victory* or *The Little Foxes* it doesn't matter who directs, because you can't spoil it. All you have to do is to poke the camera at it and hold the camera steady. Two. When a story is bad no direction and no photography can save it. Now the story of *The Magnificent Ambersons* struck me as the most aggressively uninteresting I have ever watched. It began with young Amberson, a nasty little boy whose bottom wanted smacking at frequent and regular intervals. Kipling dealt with this type once and for all in *Captains Courageous*. This specimen grows up, becomes a howling snob, and proclaims that all he wants to do in life is to become a yachtsman. He then falls in love with—but does not want to marry—a young woman whose father is "in trade." And this father wants to marry young Amberson's widowed mother, which the young man will not allow. Then the Ambersons lose their money and young Amberson loses both his legs because he has had a sudden change of heart and got a job in a dynamite factory, or something of the kind. And this is all the story except a Gummidgean aunt, wonderfully played by Agnes Moorehead, who is apt to go into hysterics of an appalling naturalism, although what about I just couldn't discover.

I GRANT the remarkable photography and Mr. Welles's gift for making his people seem real instead of dressed-up film stars. But what a story! I have no doubt that Mr. Booth Tarkington's novel is a comprehensible whole; the film gave me the impression of having been put together by at least three authors; Eugene O'Neill, Euripides and Ibsen. About this film's two sisters keeping up a lifelong quarrel there was the authentic smack of Gunhild Borkman and Ella Renheim, and we know what they quarrelled about—Ella because Gunhild had bagged the rich Borkman in the long ago, and Ella hadn't. And Gunhild because Ella bagged the affection of Gunhild's son. But what the row was about between the cub's mother and the gloomy aunt I never discovered. As for the cub I have to say, in the Damon Runyon manner, that after five minutes I wish for no part of him whatever.



"The Magnificent Ambersons": another Orson Welles "Problem Picture"

Orson Welles—actor, producer, writer, director—is the Infant Prodigy of the films. His "Citizen Kane" is still fiercely debated. Is he pretentious and phony or a pioneering genius? "The Magnificent Ambersons" lavishly leaves the issue open. Fans will acclaim its atmospherics and photography, even if the story of a young egotist and his family in a Middle West town is as heavy on hand as the trappings of the nineties. The pictures show: (Left) Joseph Cotten as Eugene Morgan, motor pioneer, and Anne Baxter as his daughter, Lucy. (Right) The Ambersons at a family funeral. Isabel (Dolores Costello), on extreme left, watches her jealous sister-in-law, Fanny (Agnes Moorehead); her old lover, Eugene, now a widower; her spoiled son, George (Tim Holt), who prevents her marriage; and Lucy



# SPOOK LOVE

Veronica Lake as a Sorceress  
in "I Married a Witch"



Daniel (Cecil Kellaway) emerges in a cloud of smoke to find his daughter Jennifer (Veronica Lake) has already acquired a body and has established herself in the home of Mr. Wallace Wooley



Jennifer tries to make Wally fall in love with her. She is unsuccessful and seeks advice from Daniel. He advises a love potion which will successfully ruin Wally's forthcoming marriage. In secret Jennifer mixes the witch's brew



Jennifer is knocked unconscious by a falling picture. Seizing the nearest liquid with which to revive her, Wally (Fredric March) picks up the love potion which Jennifer drinks. When she awakes, she finds she is in love with the man she has set out to ruin



Ignoring Jennifer's advances, Wally proceeds with the arrangements for his marriage. The ceremony is halted when a freak hurricane, created by Daniel, sweeps through the house



Seeking refuge in an upstairs room, after the wedding party has dispersed, Wally and his best man (Robert Benchley) find Jennifer and her father, who have suddenly materialised as if from nowhere



Wally's chances of election are ruined by the mischief-making of the spooky pair, his marriage is off. He turns to Jennifer for consolation and they are married. On their wedding night, Jennifer confesses that she is a witch



Daniel is furious that his daughter has allowed her love to get the better of her witchery. He orders her back to the old oak tree. Fleeing with her husband from her father, the car in which they are travelling is driven by Daniel into the tree, and badly crashed



Jennifer escapes but still has Daniel to reckon with. Catching him at his old game in the brandy bottle, she quickly corks the bottle, thus imprisoning Daniel's spirit for ever



Several years have elapsed. Jennifer, the Governor's wife, is now the mother of three children. Two of the children are normal. The third, a daughter, finds strange delight in riding on a broomstick

Rene Clair has chosen another of the late Thorne Smith's spooky stories for his latest production, *I Married a Witch*, released through United Artists and now at the London Pavilion. It is a film of smoky incantations, invisible voices, love potions, witchery—and Veronica Lake. For centuries the spirits of sorcerer Daniel (Cecil Kellaway) and his witch daughter Jennifer (Veronica Lake) have been imprisoned in an oak tree, to be released when the tree is struck by lightning. Vowing vengeance on Wallace Wooley (Fredric March), bridegroom-to-be and candidate for the governorship, whose Puritan ancestors originally denounced them, the sorcerer and his daughter, successfully ruin all Wally's plans. An unexpected ending sees Jennifer renounce witchcraft and settle down as a respectable member of society

# The Theatre

By Horace Horsnall

## What Every Woman Knows (Lyric)

THIS revival of Barrie's long-neglected comedy refreshes controversy as to his merits, status, and chances of immortality. Was he a first-rate dramatist, and will his plays live? Such speculation in futures is a harmless game, and does at least exercise the player's prejudices. But it's a tricky business anticipating the verdict of posterity. The past is strewn with reputations that refused to rise from the dead. As to the future, Shaw, one would say, is likely to survive on the strength of his prose; Sean O'Casey, too, on the passion of his poetry—using the terms prose and poetry in their wider sense. Barrie, however, though he inevitably figures in such forecasts, is a darker horse altogether. His place, even in the most liberal tipster's list, can be unflattering. His fame, great as it was in life, is still frozen by rigor mortis. He is too recently dead, and has yet to survive that post-mortem denigration which is the fate of most popular reputations. His plays are apt to disappoint in revival.

Some of the old favourites are perhaps too closely associated in memory with particular players who are no longer available: Gerald du Maurier, Hilda Trevelyan, Nina Boucicault, and so on. And where are the Smees of yesteryear? *Peter Pan* has the exceptional advantage of a double appeal—direct and vicarious: to the children who see it for the first time, and to their parents who see it through the children's eyes. But *Dear Brutus*, once regarded as a pure distillation of magic and romance, and that made even cabinet ministers lyrical, disappointed some of its most stalwart champions when it was recently revived. It provided a brilliant first act, before declining into what seemed like mawkish sentimentality dogged by tedium.

BRILLIANT first acts were Barrie's speciality. *Shall We Join the Ladies?*—that unfinished symphony among dramatic riddles—remained unfinished. Barrie either would not, or could not, complete it. It is perhaps the outstanding example of his genius for good beginnings. So, although it is no such tantalising fragment, the first act of *What Every Woman Knows* is a masterpiece. It arrests immediate attention, and holds that attention throughout. But it is one



Charles Venables (Nicholas Hannen) in visiting the Shands comes across an old love of his youth, the Comtesse de la Briere (Irene Vanbrugh)

of those parts which seem greater than the whole.

It is not so much Barrie's plots that count, as the way he treats them. He is a very cunning craftsman. Dialogue that may seem on paper as bald as a synopsis, burgeons miraculously on the stage. Touches that may escape remark in reading, assert astonishing power in action. This first act is rich in them. The curtain rises on a silent picture: three men in a gas-lit, snug, old-fashioned sitting-room. The silence, unbroken for a while save by the purposeful click of pieces on a draught board, is tense with interest. Realism could hardly be more significantly amusing, or dumb crumbo more explicit. Each grimace and gesture, then each remark, no matter how laconic, advances the plot and reveals the characters. It is Barrie at his best, and gives the play a flawless start.

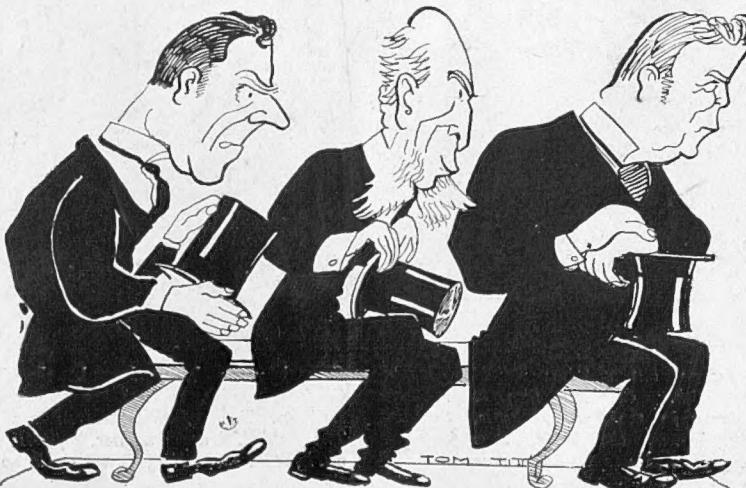
As yet, no Sassenach intruder has ruffled his style; nor has his fancy been lured from its native heath into the bogs of false romanticism. This first act, indeed, is as plain, wholesome,

Right: Lady Sybil Tenterden (Diana Gould, the dancer) receives a ruby pendant from John Shand, M.P., and with it a protestation of his undying love



and appetising as good porridge; Scotch, salty, nourishing. The Wylie family is established in our regard. Maggie has loyally demonstrated her lack of specious charm, John Shand (now her provisional mate) his impenetrable solemnity. And impulsive critics in the audience have begun to revise their premature comparisons between Hilda Trevelyan's Maggie that was, and Barbara Mullen's Maggie that now is. If anything, it is odds on Miss Mullen's, whose native grit is so palpably of the Grace Darling order that one can almost hear the howl of the wind and the creak of the oars in the rowlocks.

THE aftermath seems less sterling. The Sassenachs are coming, alas! alas! And when they arrive, interest tends to shift from the characters to their impersonators. Dame Irene Vanbrugh fills the scene with Sheridan-esque light, and turns on the play and on us those brilliant eyes, as of a good-humoured goddess amused by episcopalian vagaries. Miss Diana Gould is the dour hero's graceful fata morgana; Mr. Nicholas Hannen's high-political geniality is as stylish as authentic. And, braving these troubled social seas, Miss Mullen's Maggie cherishes the secret every woman knows—that all men may be fooled some of the time, but only one all the time—till she reaches the wreck, and saves her John from himself. Not a poor play, of course, by any standard, but somehow disappointing, judged by its fine first act.



Left: The Wylie family, James, Alick and David (Caven Watson, Norman MacOwen, James Woodburn) are Maggie's staunchest admirers

Sketches by  
Tom Titt

Right: Maggie (Barbara Mullen) renounces her right to marriage with John Shand (John Stuart) and tears up the bond which binds them



## 1915-1943: "A LITTLE BIT OF FLUFF"

*A Double Impersonation and a Lost Necklace*

Suspicious wife, impersonation, unfortunate arrival of last night's girl friend seeking the pearl necklace around which the story revolves are all in this scene. (Chili Bouchier as girl friend, Henry Kendall as erring husband, Christopher Steele as unfortunate neighbour, Olga Lindo as suspicious wife, and John Burch as bus company's official investigating a bogus claim)

## You Can't Change Farce

Walter Ellis, Most Successful Farcewright of World War I., Produces His Contribution to World War II.

## 1943: "SLEEPING OUT"

*A Little Bit of Fluff* ran for 1241 performances at the Criterion Theatre during the last war. Its revival during World War II. at the Ambassador's is an indication of its cunning mastery. Surely no one knows better than Walter Ellis just how to mix those essential ingredients of all farce—erring husbands, suspicious wives, lost jewels, impossible impersonations and lovely young things who lure formerly faithful husbands to their doom. It is early days to say whether *Sleeping Out*, the Walter Ellis farce of 1943, will equal or surpass the remarkable record of *A Little Bit of Fluff*, but Walter Ellis has already established himself as one of the chief record-makers in the theatre. Twenty-three of his plays have been produced in the West End (three of them, *A Little Bit of Fluff*, *Good Men Sleep at Home* and *Almost a Honeymoon*, being longevity record-makers), sixteen have been filmed, and he holds the record for the greatest number of plays produced professionally since the outbreak of war. Comparative pictures of the Ellis plays of 1915 and 1943 have the virtue of illustrating the imitable touch of the twentieth-century master of farce

*True to the "Charley's Aunt" Tradition*

Female impersonation plays an essential part. Disguised as his Aunt Hannah, the hitherto harmless neighbour, Bertram Tully, enters into the spirit of the thing (Olga Lindo, Christopher Steele, Henry Kendall)

*Cherchez la Lettre*

Tully's adventures lead him farther than he had dared to hope (Christopher Steele, Chili Bouchier)

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick

*The Suspicious Wives*

Buena Bent as Carrie Todd and Ellen Pollock as Freda Tunbridge, the two wives whose husbands are partners in the publishing firm of Tunbridge and Todd. Together they plot a deep-laid scheme to trap their unsuspecting husbands

*The Erring Husbands*

Gene Gerrard as Hubert Todd and Gus McNaughton as Roger Tunbridge, who in spite of much scheming, fall into the trap laid by their wives. As in all good farce, husbands and wives are amicably reconciled before the fall of the last curtain

*The Cause of the Trouble*

The partners' secretary is as indispensable in off-duty hours as she is at work. Only when she is safely married to the unattached estate agent can the two wives relax their vigilance and the curtain fall (Gene Gerrard, Elizabeth Dainton)



**Tea Drinkers**

The Countess of Lytton poured out the tea for Sir William Beveridge at a meeting of the American Outpost in London. Sir William spoke at the meeting on the idiosyncrasies of the English language



**Film Premiere**

Jean Lady Brougham and Mr. Dorsey Fisher were together at the film premiere of "Flying Tigers." He is the second secretary at the American Embassy in London, and is in charge of Press relations



**Red Cross Exhibition**

The Countess of Moray and Colonel Daly inspected the stalls at the Red Cross exhibition at Daly's, Glasgow. She was Miss Barbara Murray, of New York, and her husband is Lord Lieutenant of Morayshire

# On and Off Duty

## A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

### Seventeen Next Month

ALTHOUGH Princess Elizabeth will not be seventeen until the twenty-first of next month, the question of what lead she will give to other girls of her age, all of them anxious to take their part in the united war effort, is already one of the major problems facing the King and Queen. Although no decision has been made at the time of going to press, a public announcement on the matter is expected very soon.

As the Princess's birthday falls in Holy Week this year, the celebration on the day itself will be a quiet family one. Later, however, the King and Queen are planning a dance on not too large a scale, and a good many young officers of the Navy, Army and Air Force are to be invited.

### "Poland" Exhibition

ORD SNELL formally opened the exhibition "Poland" (under the auspices of the British Council), at the Suffolk Galleries, and Count E. Raczyński, the Polish Ambassador and acting Foreign Minister, also made an opening speech. The exhibition, which largely consists of photographs, is beautifully arranged, and a most unusual and attractive feature is the decoration of the rooms with paper, so cunningly and artistically wrought upon as to give the effect of sculpture: a floodlit Polish eagle in this medium occupies a niche on the stairs by which one approaches the exhibition.

A condensed but salient view of Poland's historical development and her part in the existing war effort is given in the six rooms of the galleries. There are decorative panels, maps and sketches, as well as photographs: specially interesting are the photographic reproduction of the famous main altar of St. Mary's Church in Cracow—a remarkable achievement in wood carving, executed by Wit Stwosz in the fifteenth century—and the small room devoted to the sixteenth-century Polish astronomer, Nicholas Copernicus, who appears as a plaque on the wall, with the Signs of the Zodiac fluttering around the ceiling above in celebration of his discovery that the sun keeps still while the earth revolves. Polish art, science, literature and their Polish exponents, Paderewski, Chopin, Mme. Curie, for examples, are given as much prominence as the country's proud history of courageous war against odds. Mme. Curie's full name is Mme. Curie-Skłodowska, and the greatest poet of old Poland was John Kochanowski.

Among the large gathering at the opening were Mr. Owen St. Clair O'Malley, new British Ambassador to Poland; Mr. S. Mikolajczyk, Polish Deputy Premier; Professor Stronski, Polish Minister of Information, vivacious in goatee beard and pince-nez; Miss Clarissa Borenius, daughter of Professor Tancred Borenius; Kathleen, Lady Domville; Mr. Roderick Haldane, of the British Council; Mrs. Eveleigh Nash; Mr. John Rothenstein and Mr. John Steegmann, representing artistic interest; and Miss Elizabeth Puzey, a charming Australian.

### And Polish Hearth Party

ANOTHER function attended by Mr. O'Malley was the party given in his honour at the Polish Hearth in its new headquarters at 45, Belgrave Square. As the party was given primarily to welcome Mr. O'Malley as the new British Ambassador, there was a special cake prepared for him to cut. Decked by miniature Polish and British flags, it was made by a Polish cook in the traditional Polish fashion, and looked very festive with its multi-coloured cream layers. The Hon. Mrs. Robert Bruce was looking after everyone and making them feel at home; she is the assistant director, and acts as hostess. Many people with Polish

connections were present. Sir William Erskine was there—he was British Ambassador to Poland until 1934—so was Sir William Max-Muller—another former British Ambassador in Warsaw—with Lady Max-Muller. Lady (Malcolm) Robertson was another there (her husband, who is Chairman of the British Council, has recently visited Ankara, and while there was received by President Inönü). Among the many prominent Poles were the Polish Ambassador and Countess Raczyńska (who was sitting chatting with Lady Maugham), General Haller, Professor Stronski, Princess Radziwill and Countess Dembinska, who escaped from Russia with her two children and four others, her family jewels hidden in a loaf of bread.

### Wedding at the Oratory

LORD YOUNGER gave away his second daughter, the Hon. Anne Younger, when she married Mr. James Timothy Price, of the Royal Artillery, at Brompton Oratory, and was afterwards host at a reception at the Rembrandt Hotel, so conveniently close by. Mr. Price was in uniform, and so was his best man, the Hon. George Harris, who is also in the Royal Artillery. The Hon. Mrs. Davidson, the bride's sister, stood by Lord Younger at the reception, with the groom's mother, Mrs. Price, who is the second daughter of Sir Timothy and Lady O'Brien, of Ramsey, Isle of Man. Mrs. Davidson's small son Charles acted as page, and escorted his cousin, Susannah Younger, who was the only bridesmaid. There was an unusual number of speeches, starting with one by General Andrew McCulloch. In thanking General McCulloch, the groom also proposed a toast—to "Absent Friends"—because, he said, so many of their friends, for various reasons, had been prevented from attending the wedding.

### Reunion

BACK again with his old comrades from Rhodesia, where he once served in the South African Mounted Police, is that well-known soldier Sir Michael Bruce, whose wife has just died so very sadly. Sir Michael has now transferred to the Rhodesian Air Force, with whom he has an important liaison job. Author, soldier and policeman by turn, Sir Michael has been in every corner of the world, and his novels and writings are full of his own untiring vigour. He is, too, a Scots historian of the very first order, and his books on Prince Charles Edward Stuart and the Royal House of Bruce show his intense love of Scotland. He is contemplating writing a new book on the glorious part Scotland has played in this present war—particularly about the men from the Western Isles and Hebrides who, says Sir Michael, will be found in every ship that sails the Seven Seas.

### In Northumberland

WALKING through the quiet streets of lovely old Alnwick a short while ago were the Duchess of Northumberland and her daughter, who was Lady Elizabeth Percy and is now the Duchess of Hamilton. The Duchess is living at Lesbury House, and only rarely comes to town these days. One of Britain's most famous old coaching houses, the White Swan, is at Alnwick. The ballroom there, where so many of Northumberland's pre-war dances were held, is one of the most beautiful in the North, and looks as if it had been transported wholesale from either Le Petit Trianon or Versailles. Actually, it's the old first-class restaurant of the Olympic, and the bar was once the first-class purser's office in the Berengaria. So there is a real naval flavour about the place.

### Cocktail Party

SIR EDMUND and Lady Paston-Bedingfeld have now left their home, Oxburgh Hall, in Norfolk, and are living in Camberley. They



Johnson, Oxford

Lack of petrol is responsible for the return to popularity of the bicycle. Synolda Lady Walker is one of those who use this means of transport to get about

### At Oxford Now: Beauty, the Bicycle and Lord Berners

Lady Walker, like her mother-in-law (left), does her shopping by bicycle. She is the wife of Sir James Heron Walker, Bt., of Ringdale Manor, Berkshire

Mlle. Elisabeth de Gaulle, daughter of General de Gaulle, bicycles to and from lectures at Oxford, where she is now an undergraduate at Lady Margaret Hall

Last but not least, Lord Berners, composer and author, is another distinguished cyclist often seen in the streets of Oxford. He lives at Faringdon House, Berkshire

gave one of their very gay cocktail parties in town recently, and Sir Edmund, now a Captain in the Welsh Guards, was there to help his wife entertain their many friends. "Bill"—as Lady Bedingfeld is called by all her friends—was wearing her favourite cherry-red, which went well with the gallant array of uniforms which were present. Many nationalities were represented, including American, French, Dutch and Czech. Lady Honor Llewellyn was there, and a little family group which included the Hon. John and Mrs. Grimston, his brother, Brian, and Mrs. Grimston's sisters, Kathleen and Paddy, with their mother, Mrs. Walter Duncan, and Miss Kathleen Duncan's fiancé, Mr. Ivar Colquhoun. The American Embassy was represented by Mr. Dorsey Fisher, the very enterprising Press Secretary, who comes from Maryland, and in one corner I saw Mr. David Jagger,

the well-known artist, who is painting Lady Bedingfeld, and his wife, exchanging views with M. Dimier, the Parisian artist who escaped at the fall of France and enlisted in the Fighting French Army here. The Hon. Gerard and Mrs. Vanneck were others there—he has just had a bad accident flying with the R.A.F. (The party was, of course, held before the sad news came through of the death of Lady Huntingfield, Mr. Vanneck's mother.)

### Concert to Aid the R.N.W.L.

H.M. THE QUEEN and H.M. the King of the Hellenes have given their patronage to a concert which is to be held at the Royal Albert Hall on Wednesday evening, April 14th, at 7 o'clock, to aid that most worthy of funds for our sailors—the Royal Naval War Libraries. Sir Henry Wood will be conducting the London

Symphony Orchestra, and Dame Myra Hess will be playing. The programme will include some of the most popular works of Wagner, Beethoven, Schubert and Franck. Modern works will include "Mediterranean," by Sir Arnold Bax, Master of the King's Musick. The concert has the full support of the Board of Admiralty, and the First Lord, Mr. A. V. Alexander, has promised to speak during the evening. The Royal Naval War Libraries were started in May 1940 by a voluntary staff of nine helpers, under a most capable and enterprising chairman and hon. organising secretary, Mrs. Ivan Colvin. During the months that have passed, the original London voluntary workers have increased to about 150. R.N.W.L. now have to buy 70 per cent. of the books sent out—an average of 8000 or 9000 a week—and a considerable amount of money is

(Concluded on page 376)



Swaebe

### London Wedding: the Bride and Bridegroom and Two Small Attendants

James Timothy Noël Price, R.A., only son of the late Captain J. T. Price, M.C., R.A., and Mrs. Marequita Price, of The Chestnuts, Chipping Norton, and the Hon. Anne Margaret Younger, younger daughter of Viscount and Viscountess Younger of Leckie, were married on March 13th at Brompton Oratory

A toast was proposed, and drunk, by Charles and Susannah Davidson, nephew and niece of the bride, who were her attendants at the wedding. They are the children of her sister, the Hon. Mrs. Kenneth Davidson. Lord Younger gave his daughter away, and the Hon. George Harris, R.A., was best man

## The Revival of "What Every Woman Knows"

Gives Barbara Mullen the Part It Has  
Long Been Her Ambition to Play



John Shand is the local railway porter. An intelligent boy with ambition, he has succeeded in paying for a year's tuition at Glasgow University. Now he continues his studies in an unorthodox manner by stealing into the Wylie home by night and borrowing from the family bookcase (John Stuart)



It is only a question of time before the nightly intrusion is discovered. Shand succeeds in convincing the Wylies that he breaks into their home solely to continue his studies, and, impressed by his sincerity, David Wylie urges his father to advance £300, to enable Shand to continue his studies for five years. In return for the loan, the Wylies ask Shand to regard himself as betrothed to Maggie, the daughter of the house. (Caven Watson, Norman MacOwan, Barbara Mullen, John Stuart, James Woodburn)



Social life brings new temptation to the rising new Member. Suspecting that he has never known love, Shand falls violently in love with Lady Sybil Tenterden (Diana Gould), who makes no secret of her own infatuation. Their confession of love for each other is overheard by Mrs. Shand



Maggie Shand faces the new problem in her life with true Scots tenacity. It is her birthday, and her father and brothers have arrived from Scotland on their first visit to London. Shand has forgotten his wife's birthday, and has, in fact, just presented Lady Sybil with a very beautiful pendant. Unknown to Shand, Maggie, by accident, witnessed the giving of the pendant. Skilfully, she forces Lady Sybil to hand over the pendant so recently given her by her lover.

*What Every Woman Knows* is J. M. Barrie's conception of the idea that behind every successful man there stands a woman—the power behind the throne. To the man's learning, the woman, inspired by her love, adds the individual touches of brilliance without which no one can rise far above his fellow men. John Shand (John Stuart), railway porter with a thirst for knowledge, is no exception to the rule. Maggie, his wife (Barbara Mullen), is well content that he shall remain ignorant of his own limitations—until the other woman arrives on the scene. Then, with all the tenacity of her race, she pits her wits against those of her infatuated husband. Both characters are true Barrie, and, as such, merit the appreciation of all lovers of the theatre. The comedy is presented by Jay Pomery, directed by Clifford Evans, with decor and costumes by Reece Pemberton



Six years have passed, and Shand is standing for Parliament. Now strongly supported by all the Wylie family, who have in the meantime waived the fulfilment of the bond which would have united Shand and Maggie as man and wife, Shand is returned as the Member for Glasgow. With the news of Shand's election, Maggie destroys the bond which binds them together. She renounces all right to be Shand's wife, only to find, to her joy, that Shand insists on the fulfilment of the bond



In London, the new Member (rapidly achieving fame) and his wife live in style. They are visited by distinguished members of society, including the Comtesse de la Brière (Irene Vanbrugh) and Mr. Charles Venables (Nicholas Hannen), who prove to have been lovers in their youth

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick



Maggie manœuvres an invitation from the Comtesse de la Brière for both Shand and Lady Sybil. They are to spend three weeks at the Comtesse's country cottage. Thrown into each other's society continuously, they are able to form a true estimate of the depth of their affection

Maggie arrives unexpectedly at the cottage and surprises the Comtesse. She has been working on a speech which Shand is expected to make in the near future, and upon which much of his success will depend. Unknown to her, Shand has submitted his own version of the speech to Charles Venables, who is horrified at its lack of inspiration

Venables thinks Maggie's copy is Shand's own re-written version of the speech. He is delighted at the change, and his words of praise force upon Shand the realisation that much of his success is due to his wife, whose lack of education he has previously despised

# Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

**A** "DRY" Japan, now imminent, means, we take it, that Hon. Miss Moonlit Stewed Prune will temporarily cease her labours in the cause of true politeness and hon. *savoir-faire*.

Part of the duty of Hon. Miss Moonlit Stewed Prune and her sister-geishas, a traveller assures us, is to kneel opposite guests in smart Tokyo establishments as they sip their bowls of saké (which looks like Manzanilla and tastes like petrol) and sway with refined, graceful laughter every time the gentleman opposite makes a joke. This appreciation, so unaccustomed to so many, is part of a geisha's traditional training, and the West might copy it. To see stockbrokers' lunching at the Savoy, each with an exquisite little actress kneeling before him, suffused with sincere mirth at each merry crack, would be indeed a spectacle.

When saké is totally banned there will be very few jokes, we imagine, from patrons of the smart *tchayas*, and few gifts of jade ornaments, accordingly, from the wives of the patrons to the geishas who entertain them, another polite old Nippon custom, apparently. Also fewer recitals of those charming little Japanese poems on rice-paper enwrapping the toothpicks, such as:

To a woman who loves a samurai  
A spray of cherryblossom  
Is sweeter  
Than a shower of old boiled rice  
Falling on the Sunday hat  
Of a bowlegged geisha.

We'd let the poetry ride, personally, if we could hire somebody to laugh at all our jokes. A trifle more hon. rapture next time, Hon. Miss Frosted Papier-Mâché Ashcan, or you're fired.

### Art

**T**ATTOOING, a daily paper reports, is booming, despite the cagey attitude of the R.A. boys towards their sister art. One of the Academicians of the tattooing world with a studio near Waterloo Station is apparently often at work till midnight on the skins of Service men and women.

Like the chap in the O. Henry story who possessed all his Puritan forefathers' stern and rugged fear of the police, we feel the indelible character of tattooing has, perhaps, certain drawbacks. Moreover this art suffers (like the R.A.) from the old academic virus. We did once view a maritime chest with a subtle device on it of a glum human face which, when its owner squeezed his skin, broke into a pleasing smile, and once at a French country fair we saw an entire torso which some Rubens of the profession had covered with coquies of well-nourished nudes in glowing technicolour, a major feat. ("Any distinguishing marks?" you can hear an official voice rasping.) But such imaginative outbreaks are rare, we gather.

"Now we can have a nice, long, careless talk"

### Footnote

**O**BVIOUSLY tattooing promotes virtue. A citizen with a gaily decorated skin will pause and think twice before committing some deed of violence or shame. It might also, if extended by law to the Island Pan, in the manner of those aborigines who tattoo their dials with whorls and arabesques and runic devices in red and blue, lure and ravish the postwar foreign tourist even more than the Catering Bill foresees. At any rate it might take the foreigner's mind off our licensing laws, poor devil.

### Posy

**R**ECENT suggestions by a gossip that after nearly four years of war girls once passionately addicted to trousers are getting sick of them (and about time, too. Those curves!) remind us of two little didactic posies we made up some time ago, in the manner of the master Ogden Nash. Their message is still as fresh and vital, perhaps, as on the day they bloomed:

(a) *Warning*  
Champagne is rarely bought by the magnum  
For a pair of pants with an outsize hagnum.

(b) *Encouragement*  
Some girls in convex trouserings  
Would look more chic with nouserings.

### Invitation

**U**RGING citizens at large to invent any war gadget that occurs to them and to bung the result in to the Government, Professor A. M. Low seemed to us to be earning unpopularity, to some extent, with a resigned scientist chap we know who sits on his trousers in a Ministry all day saying "No," or even worse, to inventors of schemes for blowing up Germany by harnessing the tides off the Orkneys.

Obviously one idea in ten thousand may be unspeakably valuable, which excuses the inventive majority and covers Professor Low. But the number of sheer nuts who keep inventing things because they can't help it is, this chap assures us, quite appalling. The semi-nuts who hit on a sweet useful new idea patented circa 1865 are also strong on the wing. Those who know Georges Duhamel's *Pasquier Chronicles*, the best novel of the last 25 years, will remember

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"Sometimes I'm at my wits' end to get food for my poor plants"

## Four in Uniform



Lenare

Miss Rosemary Clare Ford, elder daughter of the late Captain Richard Ford and of Mrs. Ford, is working for the Red Cross. She has announced her engagement to Captain Hughe Bolton Waller, The Derbyshire Yeomanry, only son of Mr. Hardress J. Waller and the Hon. Mrs. Waller



Swaabe

Lady Dudley, who works hard as a V.A.D., is the Danish wife of Squadron Leader Lord Dudley, R.A.F.V.R., of Mear House, Kempsey, Worcestershire. She was formerly Miss Kirsten Albrechtson, daughter of Herr L. Albrechtson, of Vibsig, Denmark, and her marriage took place in July 1941



Elliott &amp; Fry

Miss Annette Evill is an Assistant Section Officer in the W.A.A.F. She is the elder daughter of Air Marshal Sir Douglas C. S. Evill, K.C.B., D.S.C., A.F.C., and Lady Evill. Her father was appointed head of the R.A.F. Delegation in Washington early last year



Swaabe

Miss Nadia Moxon is a full-time V.A.D. worker. She is the daughter of Russian-born Mrs. Frank Moxon, and came out at the Queen Charlotte's Ball of 1942. Her mother, who is a private in the A.T.S., has done a great deal to raise funds for the Aid to Russia Fund

# Standing By ...

(Continued)

the delightful Dr. Raymond Pasquier had this addiction, in the intervals of chasing women. The nut type, this chap says, almost invariably evolves something grandiose, elaborate and costly. The things which make life easier, such as the Mills bomb and the bit of indiarubber Herr Hardtmuth of Vienna first thought of attaching to the other end of a lead-pencil, are generally simple and invented by quiet chaps with no frills.

## Boon

THE Mills bomb, in our unfortunate view, is the most useful war discovery of the ages. It has needed no major alteration since the day it was invented, it is simple, safe, neat, decorative, economical in effort, and admirable in effect, and down our way we once had to check Home Guard stocks constantly in case the locals were moved to take a couple home now and again to toss at the neighbouring village for fun. In fact the Mills is what the average English village has been looking for since the days of the Plantagenets, when most rural vendettas began. It would be just like the Boche to come over and make us use all the Millses up prematurely.

## Enigma

MUMBLING about the "perpetual enigma" of Shakespeare's Sonnets, a recent highbrow should have had his dumb head placed firmly by some wellwisher in a haybag, in our impartial view. There is now no enigma about the Sonnets whatsoever. Lord Alfred Douglas said the last word about them a little time ago.

The Sonnets were written to and for two people—the young actor William Hughes, "Mr. W.H.", for whom Shakespeare had a blameless and admiring affection, like David's for Jonathan, and the Dark Lady, whom Mr. Somerset Maugham would describe in a five-letter word: The Dark Lady, with whom Shakespeare was amorously entangled, to his regret, made extensive passes at Mr. Hughes. Hence the imbroglio—clear enough when the Sonnets are placed in their proper order—and hence their immortal beauty, wrung from Shakespeare's pain and conflict. Modern poets made to suffer by women probably gain relief by pinching or striking them, for pain does not seem to inspire their mousy muse to any notable extent. A major poet of course can get relief both ways, like Baudelaire when he socked his negroid love with the candlestick some time after comparing her so superbly to a ship in full sail, a sphinx, and a dancing serpent.

The real enigma about Shakespeare's Sonnets is the question where highbrows who still think the Sonnets are an enigma retire after emitting that opinion. Do they burrow madly back into the mattress or simply pop down the old crack in the floor again?

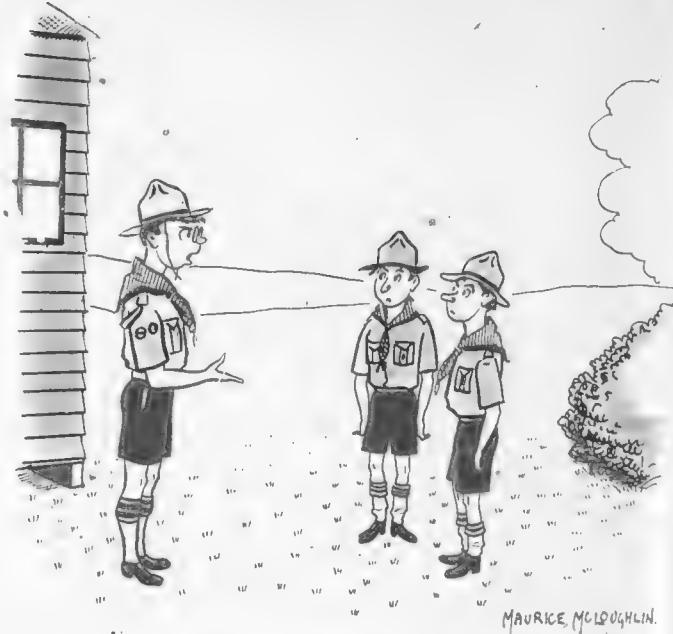
## Idea

WHEN we were "Auntie Joy" of *The Home Girl* we wrote a heart-warming piece about What To Do With the Left-Over Candlegrease which contained one rather important point which a little mother debating the same topic the other day in a daily paper missed. Namely, citizens should save candlegrease to send to those of their dear ones who may find it useful in jail.

President De Valera's escape from Lincoln Jail in 1919 will illustrate this point. A small portion of warm wax obtained while extinguishing the altar-candles in the prison chapel after early Mass made it possible to take an impression of a certain key at the right moment. The next problem, needing brains, was to get a similar key from outside. The quick brains of De Valera and his companions soon hit on the idea of a postcard, with two comic drawings on it: "Christmas 1917," showing a drunk citizen trying to fit a latchkey into his door, and "Christmas 1919," showing the same chap behind prison bars, waving an enormous key and crying "I can't get out!" The wards of the big key were, of course, an accurate fullsize copy of the one needed.

## Exit

THE postcard got without trouble to the right quarter, and after one or two failures, strokes of bad luck, and periods of



MAURICE MCLoughlin.

"All I have to offer you in the Otter Patrol  
is blood and sweat, toil and tears"

suspense the bird flew free, amid such universal laughter that the Government had to release all the Irish and pretend it had meant to all along. Thus we perceive that candlegrease may be really useful to those we love, and especially those involved in large-scale business transactions in the City. But as we mentioned above, brains are also needed, so maybe this home-hint is just a big waste of Uncle's time.

## Fodder

IT was soon after leaving off eating whole-meal bread in the old days and taking to the nice white chalky stuff we knew before the war that the Race developed bow-legs, scurvy, and thrombosis, its eyeballs turned yellow and its teeth dropped out, according to a dietician recently.

You wouldn't think bread had even more sombre aspects, but there was a time in the early 19th century when certain London bakers aroused criticism by mixing ground bones, among other items, with their flour, and human bones at that, it was said. Let us turn lightly from such eerie matters to contemplate the golden, crisp and flaky *croissant*, the most glamorous kind of domestic bread. When the Turk was at the gates of 17th-century Vienna two bakers' apprentices working in a cellar at night heard the sappers of Mahound mining under the city walls and gave the alarm. Vienna was saved, the Turk was routed by John Sobieski, and the crescent-shaped bread commemorates Christendom's victory for evermore.

If this memory doesn't etherealise, illuminate, and transcendentalise your breakfast we don't know what to say, and anyway we don't know any pretty stories about aspirin and orange-juice.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"This is the sort of day I like to be indoors with a good book"

# Women of the A.T.A.

Portraits by Olive Snell



Olive Snell

**First Officer Miss Audrey Sale Barker**, a noted pre-war ski-ing champion and instructress, who captained the English Women's Olympic Ski Team for several years, joined the A.T.A. two years ago. An excellent pilot, she flies all fighter types and twin-engined bombers



Olive Snell

**Flight Captain Miss Joan Hughes**, a twenty-four-year-old member of the A.T.A., has flown some 1800 hours in just over three years. An exceptionally brilliant and versatile pilot, she flies many types of aircraft, and is now instructing on fighter trainers. Before the war she was instructing at a flying club. She plays tennis and squash



**Second Officer Miss Roberta Sandoz**, from the U.S.A., comes of a family of frontiersmen who pioneered in the opening up of the Western American States. A sociologist by profession, she has also been a newspaper reporter in the States. She came to this country five months ago, and has done about 400 flying hours. Her hobbies are sketching, dog breeding and riding



Olive Snell

**Commander Miss Pauline Gower, M.B.E.**, Commandant Women's Air Transport Auxiliary, was responsible for collecting the first women ferry pilots in 1939. Since then she has worked ceaselessly to obtain for them more responsible jobs, and her belief that women could share with men the strenuous and responsible work of the A.T.A. has been fully justified by the results. She herself has done approximately 2400 hours' flying, but is now engaged chiefly on administrative work. She likes riding, ski-ing, chess, Greek mythology and music, and plays the violin



Margaret  
Dale



Pauline  
Clayden

## Youth Serves the Dance

Four Young Soloists of the  
Sadler's Wells Ballet Who  
Return to London Next Week

Margaret Dale, twenty-one this year, joined the Sadler's Wells Ballet School in 1936, after early training in her home town of Newcastle. She soon graduated into the Company, had her first solos as the Child in "The Emperor's New Clothes" and the Dog in "The Wedding Bouquet," in 1938. To-day she dances the Sugar Plum Fairy in "Casse Noisette," the Spirit in "Comus," the Songbird Fairy and the Blue Bird pas-de-deux in "The Sleeping Princess," among other important roles. Her classical dancing has quality, speed and an excellent line, and her strong sense of style is matched by a piquant sense of humour and characterisation

Pauline Clayden, aged twenty, is a promising young dancer who joined the Company last summer, after considerable experience with Anthony Tudor's London Ballet, first at Toynbee Hall, and later at the Arts Theatre, and also in "The Tales of Hoffmann." She had her first solo opportunity with the Wells in "Les Sylphides," and in the pas-de-trois in "Le Lac des Cygnes." Helpmann chose her as one of the four Doves in "The Birds," and she is a Bat and is also understudying Margot Fonteyn in Frederick Ashton's new ballet, "The Quest" (music, William Walton; decor, John Piper). It is being presented on April 6th, in aid of Lady Cripps' Aid to China Fund



Margaret Dale in "Casse Noisette"

Photographs by  
Tunbridge-Sedgwick



Pauline Clayden in "Le Lac des Cygnes"



Above : Moira Shearer

Moira Shearer, who will be seventeen this year, is one of the Company's youngest soloists. She began to train with Mme. Legat when she was ten, later was with the International Ballet for a time, and after a short period at the Sadler's Wells Ballet School, entered the Company a year ago. "Les Sylphides," "The Gods Go a-Begging" and "Le Lac des Cygnes" (Leading Swan) have given her solo opportunities, and she has danced Beryl Grey's difficult Nightingale part in "The Birds." The exceptional grace and lightness of her movements make this young Scottish dancer with the copper-coloured hair a delight to watch. In the new Ashton ballet she has been cast as *Pride*, one of the Seven Deadly Sins

Right : Joan Sheldon

Joan Sheldon, born in 1920, joined the Wells Ballet School, after five years' training, nearly four years ago, and moved up into the Company in the summer of 1940. A month or two later she was given her first solo in the "Les Rendezvous" pas-de-deux, to-day one of the best roles for her clean, strong technique and sharp attack. She and Margaret Dale created the two cheeky Sparrows in "The Birds," and she also dances in "Les Patineurs," "The Wanderer" and "The Wise Virgins," having taken over Mary Honer's parts in the two last. All these dancers will be seen at the New Theatre next week, when the Sadler's Wells Ballet return from tour for a four-week London season, opening on March 30th



Joan Sheldon in "Les Rendezvous"



Moira Shearer in the Ballroom Scene of "Apparitions"





*Lt.-General Ronald M. Weeks*



*Miss Venetia Weeks*



*Miss Pamela Rose Weeks*

## The D.C.I.G.S.

**Lt.-General R. M. Weeks, C.B.E.,  
D.S.O., M.C., and His Family**

Last June, the General Staff was reorganised, and Lieut.-General Ronald M. Weeks became Deputy Chief of the Imperial General Staff and a member of the Army Council. Educated at Charterhouse, where he was senior scholar, and at Cambridge, a soccer blue and amateur international, General Weeks has worked both as a mining engineer and chemist. He served in the Army from 1914 to 1919, first in the South Lancashire Regiment, later transferring to the Rifle Brigade as a Regular. After the war he returned to the glass industry, but retained his connection with the Territorials, retiring as a Colonel in 1938. In 1939 he was made a G.S.O.1, and two years later became Director-General of Army Equipment, bringing to his present appointment a wide experience of military and industrial affairs. His wife, whom he married in 1931, is a member of the W.V.S., and works at headquarters. He has two daughters, Pamela Rose and Venetia



*Mrs. R. M. Weeks*

*Photographs by  
Lenare*

# Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

## A Misunderstood Word

HERE is an uncomfortable rumour abroad that Aunt Tabitha is somewhat shocked at what the Commander of the Eighth Army said to his troops anent what he was proposing to do to his adversary. The General up till then, she had considered "such a nice man." It may be recalled, purely for purposes of reference, that the General said something about Rommel's "bloody nose," and, in the same breath, spoke of "good hunting." The juxtaposition of expression was the most natural thing in the world, because, as so many people know, a bleeding nose has so often proved a natural corollary to hunting. It is, in fact, one of the lesser risks. "Monty," to adopt the name by which an enormous public seems to desire he should be known, did not use that epithet in the same sense as did either Mr. Shaw's Eliza Doolittle or Mr. Shakespeare's Cleopatra, but in a quite innocuous one. Eliza said "Not bloody likely!" "The serpent of old Nile" told her tire-woman, that, by Isis, she would give her bloody teeth if she dared ever again to compare Marcus Antonius to Octavius Caesar; with whom, incidentally, she had a previous scamper. These occasions were *quite* different from what the G.O.C. Eighth Army meant. Perhaps, in view of the fact that Aunt Tabitha has not yet joined the angels, if the famous Order had said either "we will give him a poke in the puss" or "a smack on the kisser," it would have been safer, though, of course, there is just the risk that Aunt Tabitha never has seen, or heard, an American film in which Tough Guys appear.

## No Racing in Germany

OR in any of the various States annexed by that country, including, of course, France and Italy. Your contemporary, *The Sporting Life*, was first in the field with this information, and in commenting upon it said: "This is a turn of events that requires no elaborate elucidation by a Military Commentator; a tip that every layman can understand. And we rejoice in the information, even though there is no betting on the match." This, of course, is exactly true, and taken in conjunction with the general clearing of the decks for action by

the evacuation of almost all non-combatants from the towns on Germany's occupied seaboard facing towards England, shows very plainly what the German General Staff expects. In war, however, things quite often do not happen exactly as they are expected to happen. It is, of course, a very wise precaution upon the part of the Germans. It must not, however, be forgotten that, if any big operation should suddenly be set in motion, it might interfere with all and every arrangement in this country, and this means not only race meetings. None of the centres at which racing is projected in this country lies upon any direct line of military communications, and none of them is near the coast line. A great deal which it is quite undesirable to specify could be read into the publication of our fixture list. Let us leave the enemy, whose nerves are obviously very ragged at the edges, to put any construction he likes upon the facts. At whatever conclusion he may arrive, it will be a very uncomfortable one.

## A Disappointment for the Horse-Thief

THE Vérführer (now probably in a padded cell) having told his Foreign Minister, "Von" Ribbentrop, (a) that the Russian Army was completely destroyed in 1941, and (b) that England and America could not survive 1942, it was quite understandable that that person should have made all that haste to steal as many racehorses in France, including some of the Aga Khan's, as he could, so that he could get his training stable and breeding establishment going as early as possible in 1943. This sudden ban on all racing inside Germany, and in the only annexed country in which it was possible that it might be resuscitated, France, must have come as an overwhelming disappointment. This comes on top of the cold douche by the President of the British Bloodstock Breeders' Association. Lord Rosebery said: "When the war ends there will be numerous difficulties with regard to the eligibility of names of horses and mares to be entered in this book [The British Thoroughbred Stud Book]. For instance, I have been credibly informed that a number of mares, some of them of the highest class, and one of them a classic winner, have been commandeered to



## Christmas in Malta

Major-General R. Mack Scobie, M.C., G.O.C. Malta, visited his men to wish them a Happy Christmas, and is seen above (centre) leaving the mess. With him are Brigadier Stayner and Lt. Green, his A.D.C.

make a stud for Ribbentrop, who is, I am told, racing in France, having assumed a very well-known name on the Continent. I cannot believe that these animals will be admitted to The British Stud Book, at any rate until they are restored to their rightful owners."

## Pedigrees Not For Sale

ORD ROSEBERY'S statement must mean that the stolen animals' names have been expunged from the Stud Book, for, of course, they must have been in it before the robbery. The position is, therefore, this: that the Stud Book will not be prepared to reinstate without very convincing evidence, and that, as things stand, nothing bred from these animals at the Ribbentrop Stud will have any value at all in the Bloodstock market, for however cleverly its owner may try to get round the corner, no one is going to take even the sworn statement of any German, least of all "Von" Ribbentrop. Entrance to the British Equine Debrett cannot be obtained either by purchase or creation. "Von" Ribbentrop, having bought his title to German blue blood, probably believes that he can work the same ruse where his horses are concerned. Our equine aristocracy dates back to those Eastern horses imported by various British owners, amongst them the Darley Arabian, the Byerley Turk and the Godolphin Arabian, and we are mighty particular about pure blue blood. Ribbentrop's

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At the Royal Dublin Society's Second Bull Show and Sale at Ballsbridge, Dublin

Pool, Dublin

Capt. Sir Cecil Stafford-King-Harman, Bt., the well-known racehorse owner, watched the judging of the Aberdeen Angus cattle with Capt. Charles Moore, the King's racing manager

Mrs. Purdon, wife of Capt. S. F. Purdon, a famous breeder of Herefords, was with Lady Murphy, Sir George Murphy's wife, who bought the champion Hereford of the sale for 280 guineas

Mr. Thomas Stafford-King-Harman, Irish Guards, Sir Cecil Stafford-King-Harman's son and heir, celebrated his coming of age last month. Here he is seen with Capt. the Hon. William French (uncle of Lord de Freyne), Miss Eleanor French and the Hon. Mrs. French



D. R. Stuart

### Oxford and Cambridge Squash Racquets Teams Meet at Oxford

Cambridge University Squash team beat Oxford by three matches to two when they met at Oxford. Playing for Cambridge: (sitting) M. A. Dalal, P. S. Barker (captain); (standing) B. C. F. Bramwell, N. G. Darral, J. B. Swinbank

Playing in the Oxford Squash team, which lost by the odd rubber to Cambridge, were: (sitting) P. H. Nye, P. Carton Kelly (captain); (standing) W. A. Gluck, A. Roper, G. R. Venning



Johnson, Oxford

### University Athletic Presidents

W. S. Hamilton and G. W. Sears are presidents of the Oxford and Cambridge University Athletic Clubs. They were photographed at the 1943 inter-university athletic encounter, won by Oxford on their home ground

## Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

horses have just about as much chance of admission as Ribbentrop himself would have were he a horse. *Aber das ist ein grosses Unglück Hochwohlgeboren Herr Wein Krämer!*

### Prince Regent and Amphion

EVERTING to a recent note upon the Amphion blood and its supposed uncertainty, Mr. J. V. Rank's grand stayer, Prince Regent, has this horse fairly close up in his pedigree on the dam's side, yet the farther he goes the better he seems to like it. Nemæa, Prince Regent's mamma, is by Argos by Sundridge by Amphion, who was by Speculum by Vedette (who was also the papa of Galopin, who in his turn begat St. Simon) by Voltigeur by Voltaire, and so back to Blacklock, the great old rock upon which so many stayers are founded. So, as was said in the previous note on the Amphion blood, the condemnation has sometimes seemed a bit precipitate. On the other hand, there have been many horses which, on the flat, could barely stay five furlongs, yet which, when

put to jumping, have found no difficulty in staying many times that distance. It has been argued that this is due to the cæsura which the obstacles afford. I do not know! How is it, if this is true, that furlong for furlong there is not a hatful of difference in speed between the Derby and the National, with this added factor that the one race is only  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles and the other 4 miles 856 yards? Things do not seem to add up somehow, but the hard fact still remains that the non-stayer on the flat frequently proves to be a stayer over obstacles. Incidentally, unless something extraordinary happens, it seems impossible for anything to beat Prince Regent in the Irish Grand National at Fairyhouse on April 26th.

### Where the Mountains of Mourne . . .

THE rest of the line in the charming ditty all about an Irishman who came to England and developed into a traffic cop is well known to all of us, and goes like this . . . "Schwape down to the sea." These mountains are in Ulster and look down upon Carlingford Lough, on the other side of which is the Land of Eire. The Lough is not very wide: you hardly need glasses to see the pretty ships floating upon it. Greenore, on the Louth headland on the south

side, is within easy motoring distance from Phoenix Park, Dublin, where the German Minister's official residence is sited.

### "Thoughts on Sport"

A KIND correspondent has written to tell me that the author of this most entertaining record of racing, 'chasing, prize-fighting and many other things was Harry Sargent, and that her father, the late Marquess of Waterford, vetted most of it for him. My informant is Lady Clodagh Anson, formerly Lady Clodagh Beresford, and thus a niece of Lord Charles, Lord Marcus and Lord William Beresford, the last of which famous trio I knew very well and set up as one of my boyhood's heroes. Bill Beresford piloted more Viceroys of India in the way in which they should go than any man in history, and he was, in fact, the real power behind the Viceregal throne. If immortality had been bestowed upon him, the course of events in that flaming country would have been somewhat different. He had the confidence and respect of every man, woman and child throughout the length and breadth of Hindustan. They knew that he knew, and he knew that they knew he knew. Hence they never tried any play-acting.



### A Front Line R.A.F. Station Rugger Team

This R.A.F. team, composed of representatives from all parts of this country and the Dominions, is having a busy and successful season. Of fourteen games, chiefly against Army and Naval sides, the station has lost only four, and has already scored nearly 200 points. Front row: A/C. Ford, Cpl. Evans, P/O. Naysmith, F/Lt. Le Roux, D.F.C., Sgt. Plt. Round, F/O. Matthew, F/Lt. Simmonds, Sgt.-Plt. Williams, P/O. Wilson. Back row: A/C. Thomas, A/C. Caplin, L/A/C. Longden, Wing Cdr. "Tap" Jones, D.S.O., D.F.C., S/Ldr. Warner (Station Padre), P/O. Sutton, F/Lt. Maclean, Sgt.-Plt. Standen, F/Lt. Marriott, F/Sgt.-Plt. Hartwell, F/O. Heywood, M.C.



### Eton College Beats a Guards Rugby XV.

Eton, who had so far lost to Beaumont and King's College, Wimbledon, in school matches, beat a Guards XV. by 16 points to 11 at Eton recently. Playing for Eton: (on the ground) J. J. Kirkpatrick, R. P. Laurie, D. G. P. Norton; (sitting) C. E. Crace, G. F. Farrer, J. A. W. Killick (captain), D. H. Fletcher, F. A. Macquister; (standing) E. J. M. Herbert (linesman), A. J. Ranken, J. K. Edwards, R. L. A. Goff, J. M. Fairfax-Ross, G. I. Harley, K. F. Campbell, E. L. W. Radcliffe, R. H. Elgar

D. R. Stuart

# On Active Service



D. R. Stuart

## Officers of an Air Engineering Dept. at a Royal Naval Air Station

Front row: Lts. H. L. Lapage, G. I. L. Corder, A. C. Mahony, Cdr. W. B. Axford, Lts. H. J. Lavers, C. S. Sutherland, H. A. W. Harding. Second row: Mr. C. V. Snell, W.A.O.R.N., Sub-Lt. P. E. Mitchell, Lt. S. J. Pratt, Mr. G. J. Stephens, W.A.O.R.N., Sub-Lt. L. A. Houston, Lts. J. Buckley, P. W. C. Halford, Mr. H. L. Milford, Comd. Elect., R.N. Back row: Sub-Lts. J. G. Romeril, T. B. Rutherford, C. M. Keller, C. H. de Bourbon, C. H. Buik, A. Knox-Little, P. B. Tunks, R. J. Holland

Right: front row: Capt. K. C. H. Warren, A.M.I.E.E., Major T. R. Kirkpatrick, Capt. H. M. Rae (Adj't.), a Lieutenant-Colonel, Majors A. Hollidge, M.B.E., D. F. Crosbie, M.C., G. H. Weston, A. V. Tabor. Middle row: Lt. D. P. Chandler, Capt. L. W. Howell, A. H. S. Spencer, Lt. J. A. Wolff, Capt. W. E. Cox, Lt. D. A. G. Crawford, Capt. L. E. S. Coleman, Lt. J. G. P. Wilson, Capt. J. V. Reynolds, 2nd Lts. T. G. Hart, C. L. Jones. Back row: 2nd Lts. C. E. Hunt, A. C. Bull, K. Binnis, Lts. D. P. Jones, R. W. Walcock, M. A. C. Blake, 2nd Lts. G. J. Drayton, W. D. Pinker, A. Thorne, R. W. Blackie



Officers of the Staff of a Command Vehicle Maintenance School

Front row: Sub. M. C. Williams, A.T.S., Capt. J. C. Gayleard (Adj't.), the Commandant, Major W. H. Barnett (Chief Instructor), Capt. E. F. Cobden Roberts. Back row: Capt. W. P. Gaston, R. F. Forber, D. C. G. Norris, J. P. Howley



Officers of a Battalion (Drivers) of the R.A.S.C.



Officers of a Movement Control (T.T. and D.) Battalion, Royal Engineers

Front row: Lts. J. H. P. Hadden, R. L. Todd, R. H. Kitching, A. H. Richards, Capt. T. G. P. Birmingham, A. E. Batchelor, M. L. Goodeve-Docker (Adj't.), the Commanding Officer, Major D. Page, M.C. (Chief Instructor), Capt. D. S. M. Barrie, A. E. Schofield, Lt. (Q.M.) W. J. Davies, Lts. W. M. Donald, J. H. Lester, Major R. Hoyle. Second row: 2nd Lts. F. G. Allnatt, C. W. Appelbee, K. J. Farrer, B. R. Seton-Winton, R. P. Shakespeare, G. E. L. Manley, J. E. McDermott (U.S. Army), Lt. R. H. Kimball (U.S. Army), Capt. C. T. Wagner (U.S. Army), 2nd Lts. F. Goodall, R. J. Campling, G. B. Rickard, H. S. Welsh, T. T. Garvie. Third row: 2nd Lts. W. J. Moore, H. Geoghegan, A. E. Hannan, R. L. McClure, F. B. Locket, G. H. T. Attrell, R. B. Ledingham, C. S. Widdowson, K. W. B. Davies, A. W. T. Watt, W. D. Thomas, H. L. Hardie, R. H. B. Bernays, R. E. Glover. Back row: 2nd Lts. H. McGeorge, R. W. Long, S. L. Clarke, P. Marshall, Lts. S. E. Lovelock, C. T. Chevallier, P. N. Trench-Morris, E. H. Garner, Capt. R. R. Wright, 2nd Lt. J. McCormick, Lt. E. W. McKerrow, 2nd Lt. A. C. Bendall

# With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

## No Playboy

ORD EDWARD FITZGERALD was a man with a happy nature. He was romantic, ingenuous, generous, droll and high-spirited. In his lifetime, everyone loved him—how could they not?—and since he died, not a breath has tarnished his memory. As a younger son of the Duke of Leinster, born in the later half of the eighteenth century, he inherited six hundred years of Geraldine independence and the full quota of the Geraldine charm. Since his ancestor, the Norman Maurice Fitzgerald, had in the twelfth century gone to Ireland to win his fortune with his sword, the family standing and temperament had remained unique. "Neither wholly English nor wholly Irish, turbulent, magnificent, princely in their independence and pride, they were a law unto themselves. . . . Though not of the people, and now the leading family of the Protestant oligarchy, the people regarded them to some extent as the upholders of their rights. In early Tudor times, was it not said that even the English Pale was 'so affectionate to the Geraldines that they covet more to see a Geraldine reign and triumph than to see God come among them'?"

Lord Edward had no reason to quarrel with the privileged world into which he had been born. He did not: he enjoyed its advantages to the full. He was not one of those young men who "take up" ideas because of some maladjustment to their own milieu. But neither, and still less, was he one of those young aristocrats who indulge a romantic infatuation with the idea of liberty, play their part in its cause as privileged amateurs, then return to the fold of convention when youth is past. He died, as it happened, young, but already his course was set—had he lived, he would have followed it to its end. He was no playboy: to the cause of the oppressed people he sacrificed a life he had every reason to love. He had counted the cost—and he was to pay, to the full.

*Lord Edward*, by Magdalene King-Hall (Peter Davies; 9s. 6d.), is a novel that could not be worthier of its hero. Only Miss King-Hall, with her almost uncannily flair for the atmosphere of the eighteenth century, her Irish instinctiveness and her Irish background, and her delight in gaiety and nobility, charm and dash, could, I believe, have written it. *Lord Edward* could not be more unlike the general run of historical novels, with their often laborious "period" decorations and dialogue. This book is so close to its subject's life that it gives one, at times, the feeling of something written under the influence of a trance. The scenes—in those two great Irish houses, Carton and Castletown, in the French country and revolutionary Paris, in the Dublin of "Grattan's Parliament," in the London of Devonshire House and its surround of brilliant Whig society, at seaside Frescati, with its

lilacs and breezes, at idyllic little Kildare Lodge, at the edge of the Curragh—each have the actuality of to-day; yet each is charged with its own unmistakable time-colour.

## The Young-Hearted

ONE could not write of Lord Edward without both humour and tenderness—and of these the novel is full. He was, often, funny. The graceful swagger of the Hamilton portrait—in which the blue eyes, the long lashes, the pout of the lips, the slight threat of corpulence are all rendered—is not belied by what one learns of his character. On his mother's side, too, he had a romantic heredity: she had been Lady Emilie Lennox, daughter of the Duke of Richmond—one of a group of sisters who, though both wise and witty, were as susceptible as they were good-looking. (In her *Lady Sarah*, Miss King-Hall has already told the story of another of these—and Lady Sarah, as a sympathetic aunt, reappears, I am glad to say, in the present novel.) Their eternal youthfulness kept the Lennox sisters in close touch with their own and each other's children—the fact that Emilie bore nineteen did not ever blur her understanding of Edward, her (one feels) unadmittedly favourite son. She did not begrudge, in fact she delighted in, the success of his marriage to the delicious Pamela—that young creature of mysterious, possibly royal, parentage, whom he met in Paris and brought back to Ireland.

Emilie, Duchess of Leinster, married, after the Duke's death, Mr. Ogilvie, her children's grave Scottish tutor—and it was Ogilvie who became the discreet, though so often unavailing,



Mrs. Laughton Mathews, Director, W.R.N.S.

This portrait, by Mr. Anthony Devas, of Mrs. Vera Laughton Mathews is amongst a number of new pictures by war artists, on view at the National Gallery. Mrs. Mathews was appointed Director of the W.R.N.S. in April 1940, and holds the rank equivalent to that of a rear-admiral. She is a daughter of the late Sir John Laughton, the naval historian

adviser in the background of Lord Edward's career. . . . As a very young British officer, Edward sailed for America, to take part in the War of the American Revolution. His valour concealed an increasing lack of conviction—he did not care to fight against liberty. He brought back with him, to be his devoted servant, the negro Tony, who had saved his life. In London,

Edward squired the beautiful and impulsive Duchess of Devonshire on her Westminster canvassing tours for Charles James Fox. In revolutionary Paris he renounced his title, hoped to be known as "citizen," and attended, with fatal consequences to his Army career, an enthusiastic banquet at White's Hotel. Back in Ireland, he took his place, as Member for Kildare, in the Dublin House of Commons. It was from this point on that political injustice and corruption, and the oppression suffered by the Irish people, became first apparent, then terrible, to him. The unspoilt personal happiness of his own life began to have a deep unrest at its core. He must act—and he did act: he threw in his lot with the United Irishmen. These sober bourgeois intellectuals hardly knew what to make of him, but he worked with them and, along with them, was betrayed. The young lord, for whom Europe had been a playground, became a man on the run. He died—as we all know—of wounds received resisting arrest in Dublin on the outbreak of the Rising of '98. His last weeks, his farewell to Pamela and his death, as recounted by Miss King-Hall, bring tears—but sublime tears—to the eyes. The England whose rule he opposed was far from being

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## CARAVAN CAUSERIE

PUNCTUALLY at three o'clock every Sunday afternoon a

pair of rustic lovers pass by my caravan—a solemn conclave of complete silence. Perhaps between them love lies too deep for words. Or is it that they have nothing to say? All I feel is that they will be happier in the long run than those other lovers, giggling and clutching, whose words are surely too multitudinous for real love. These latter twitter with too great a facility to sustain inspiration. Once emptied of their egotistical puerility they will have nothing more to say. For, alas! there is no more difficult problem in life than that which faces two people having to live together. The association is so relentless; there is no escape from it. Perhaps only a mutual participation in the same interests, the same enthusiasms, can bridge over that dire period when intimacy has lost its novelty and the bare bones of two separate personalities protrude.

Usually, it is not the big things which divide people but the small irritations, the daily divergencies of taste, the ever-increasing strain of perpetual proximity. Never a place to go to which is sacred to you alone! For even with those we love we play unconsciously a part—the part of us which appeals to those we love. And to play a part requires a certain mask. It is the upholding of this mask which in those moments when, above all else, we want to be alone, which frays the nerves and gives rise to those misunderstandings the explanation of which is entirely psychological and sounds most

unconvincing when put into words. Only we ourselves know them to be true. Thus it seems to me sometimes that, though Heaven may bless the marriage state, Dame Human Nature has never heard of it! She is far too busy with the individual, not together—but alone.

Consequently, these rustic lovers, who pass by my door each Sunday afternoon and whose idyll is already as a solemn conclave of dumb understanding, have started very well. The mere fact that they wander through the most romantic period of their lives without mental and physical vivacity presupposes that temperamentally they are entirely devoid of shattering romance. Probably they will never reach that somewhat arid state which so often overruns two people in relentless association who have talked themselves out and yet cannot well get away from each other in order to refill the void. Never having ever had anything much to say, they have begun by being happy saying nothing. That first year, when marriage gets its best advertisement, will be exactly like the twenty-fifth. Marriage was made for such as they, and, almost certainly, they will make a success of it. Already perhaps they are a habit unto each other. And habits are far more binding than romance. No violent personal readjustments will mar the contentment of their lives. They are entirely to be envied. A little dull, perhaps, but then conformity is always a little dull. Anyway, the dull never despair either of themselves or of other people. Consequently, it seems to me, they are half-way to heaven.

# Getting Married

## The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



**Denholm — Speirs-Alexander**

Capt. John Neil Campbell Denholm, son of the late John Denholm and Mrs. Denholm, of Boatland, Perth, married Sheila Mary Speirs-Alexander, daughter of the late Capt. A. Speirs-Alexander, and Mrs. Sydney MacDonald, of 1, Welbeck House, W., at St. Peter's, Vere Street



**Browning — Evans**

Capt. John Browning, R.A., son of the Rev. H. W. and Mrs. Browning, of St. Mildred's Vicarage, Lee, S.E., and Goring, Sussex, married Muriel Evans, daughter of Sir Robert and Lady Evans, of The Beacon, Penn, Bucks., at St. Mark's, North Audley Street.



**Robinson — Cottam**

Capt. A. A. Robinson, the 22nd (Cheshire) Regiment, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. S. Robinson, of Chester and Bournemouth, married Tamara Cottam, daughter of Mrs. M. Cottam, of Oldham and Trearddur Bay, and Mr. J. Cottam, of Bowden, Cheshire, in the Regimental Chapel, Chester Cathedral



**Beeson — Sutherland**

Nigel Beeson, Scots Guards, eldest son of the late G. E. W. Beeson, and Mrs. Beeson, of South Winds, Middleton-on-Sea, Sussex, married Anne Sutherland, daughter of the late Lt.-Col. R. O. Sutherland and Mrs. Sutherland, of 3, Grosvenor Square, W., at St. Mark's, North Audley Street



**Allison — Barran**

Lieut. Joseph William Sloan Allison, R.N.V.R., only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Allison, of 6, Prince's Terrace, Dowanhill, Glasgow, married Dorothy Stella Margaret Barran, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Barran, of The Elms, Chapel Allerton, Leeds, at St. George's, Hanover Square



**Pooley — Brooks**

Surgeon-Lieut. Stewart Pooley, R.N.V.R., son of Mr. and Mrs. A. St. P. Pooley, of Knutsford, Guildford, and Jeanne Brooks, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. McMullen Brooks, of Ryston, Weybridge, were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street



**Baudoux — Gilmour**

S/Ldr. E. L. Baudoux, D.F.C., second son of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Baudoux, of Stellarton, Nova Scotia, married Daphne Gilmour, daughter of the late Col. Sir John Gilmour, Bt., of Montrave, Leven, and Violet Lady Gilmour, at Largo Parish Church



**Williams — Speakman-Brown**

Second Officer Gilbert B. A. Williams, M.N., only son of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Williams, of Ospringe, Kent, married Eileen Carol Speakman-Brown, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Speakman-Brown, of Preston, Cheshire, at Christ Church, Higher Bebington, Cheshire



**R. Clapperton — Gucewicz — Baillie**

Capt. Alexander Gucewicz, Polish Forces, and Frederica Frances E. F. Baillie, daughter of the late Col. Augustus C. Baillie and Mrs. Augustus Baillie, of Harleyburn, Melrose, were married at Our Lady and St. Andrew's Church, Galashiels

## ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 361)

needed so that our seamen—and most particularly the men who man the smaller ships, because larger ships have their own libraries—shall not go short of one small comfort which is in our power to supply.

### Preparations for the Flat

AT Newmarket, trainers are busy getting their charges ready for the new flat-racing season, now sanctioned by the Government. The Hon. George and Mrs. Lambton were out the other morning watching their string of two-year-olds, which include several owned by the new Lord Fitzwilliam, and two beautiful fillies belonging to Sir Richard Sykes. The Hon. Mrs. Charles Wood was also out. She rode a very efficient gallop on one of her grandfather's (Lord Derby's) two-year-olds.

### Round and About

WOMEN about looking smart in uniform included two writers, Miss Naomi Jacob and Miss Pamela Frankau; also the Misses Eileen and Sheila Hennessy, in the M.T.C. and W.R.N.S. respectively; and Miss Sheila Putnam, who is a very hard-working and efficient member of the latter, and looks particularly well in her tricorn hat. The Hon. Mrs. Douglas Vickers was up in London for the day from her home near Windsor—her sister, the Hon. Mrs. Merry of Belladrum, has been living at Belladrum, her home in Inverness-shire, since her London house in Hill Street was bombed in two instalments, the second one proving completely destructive. Sufferers from one of the comparatively few bombs on London this year are Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Woodhouse, whose home in St. John's Wood was damaged. A cousin of theirs who has been distinguishing himself in the Far East is Chaplain Sam Woodhouse, hailed by many as the "Woodbine Willie" of this war. He is the elder son of Major the Rev. J. D. F. Woodhouse, D.S.O., who went into the 14th Hussars from Oxford and then left the Army for the Church after the last war.

### Gallant Artist

A THREE-MAN show at the Leicester Galleries includes drawings and paintings by the late Roger Pettiford, who, as a Captain in No. 4 Commando, was killed on the beaches of Dieppe in 1942. He is probably better known for his delightful comic drawings than for his paintings. The former, which appeared above the signature "Paul Crum," are a most valuable development of and addition to the comic art of this country, worthy successors to the work of Hogarth, Gilray, Cruickshank, Lear, Keen, du Maurier, Phil May and Max Beerbohm, with something in common with recent American and French trends, while brilliantly original and in no way derivative. The artist-soldier was born in 1906, and educated at Eton and Christchurch, Oxford.

### New-Job Celebration

Celebrating a new job at the Ministry of Information, Mrs. Henry Dreyfus, the pretty blonde sister of Sir Anthony Jenkinson, gave a cocktail party a week or so ago. Among the guests who came along to congratulate their hostess were the Brazilian Ambassador and his wife, Sir John Wardlaw-Milne, Lord and Lady Melchett, Mr. and Mrs. Patrick de Laszlo, Sir Herbert and Lady Williams and Captain Bobby Jenkinson and his wife. Mrs. Dreyfus is now going to work from 9 to 6, and feels she is really doing something for the war effort.



Two Engagements



Harlip

Miss Shelagh Morrison-Bell, elder daughter of Sir Clive and the Hon. Lady Morrison-Bell, is engaged to Mr. William Moore, eldest son of the late W. A. Moore and Mrs. Moore, of New Rochelle, New York

Miss Rosemary Stanley, daughter of the late Admiral the Hon. Sir Victor Stanley, K.C.B., and the Hon. Lady Stanley, is to marry F/Lieut. George Ritchie, R.A.F., of Pudding Farm House, Winchester

## WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 374)

the England of to-day. Were he living now, he would, both as a born soldier and a lover of freedom, be in the front of her fight. Therefore, Lord Edward has been fittingly dedicated "To the Irishmen in the Royal Navy and Merchant Service, the British Army and the Royal Air Force, who are 'contributing to the freedom' not only of one country, but of the world."

### Soldiers

"THE LAST INSPECTION," by Alun Lewis (George Allen and Unwin; 7s. 6d.), is a collection of short stories that are poignant, grim and remarkable. Their author, a young Welsh infantry officer, has already published a volume of poems, *Raiders' Dawn*. Those who remember the poems will not be surprised to find in the stories a strong, if sometimes submerged, poetic vein. Here, the environment of war has been presented as it has been felt, with a sometimes almost unbearable intensity, a realism that has a spiritual overtone.

The stories deal, mostly, with Army life during those months of tension, violent air raids and inactive alertness that, in 1940 England, followed the fall of France. In the camps, the soldiers chafe and wait, while, left behind in the cities, their women are being threatened and killed by bombs. Can one wonder that exasperation is the governing mood, and that homesickness and anxiety rack the men? In such a mood, ineptitudes on the part of their officers are not easily pardoned or lightly seen. Also, the soldiers are Welsh—without the Cockney philosophy, without the plodding of the rural Englishman. When the Welsh feel, it is not in a small way. Criticism of what war does to human life—and, worst of all, war before there has been fighting—is implicit in every line of *The Last Inspection*. Only two bright things stand out: the support the men give each other, and the inarticulate love between man and woman.

As short stories, these are of the first order. There is not a scrap of "literary" decoration; there is an economy and a power that every lover of writing must salute. The longer stories—such as "Private Jones," "It's a Long Way to Go," "Acting Captain" and "Cold Spell"—are inevitably (for reasons shown in the Foreword) more finished and wider in scope than the shorter ones—though, of these, "Almost a Gentleman," "The Last Inspection" and "The Prisoners" also come off triumphantly. You may be disconcerted, and sometimes (though I think wrongly) repelled by what you read here. But there are moments of piercing beauty—such as in "Cold Spell"—and there is feeling for the majesty of human nature throughout. It would not be too much to say that *The Last Inspection* contains some of the best short stories written since the start of the war.

### English for All?

"EXIT BABEL," by H. W. Harrison (A Hurricane Book: W. H. Allen and Co.; 9d.), is excellent as a diversion, if not as an argument. It is sub-titled: "A Striking and Reasoned Plea for English as the Common Language for Europe." Professor Joad has written a spirited Preface, pointing out a number of different reasons why he does not feel that this would be a good idea. As far as I was concerned, the Preface effectively (though no doubt reluctantly) sabotaged the "striking and reasoned plea" from the very start. Not only did I subscribe, in my lesser way, to the Joad objections, but, as I read through the chapters of *Exit Babel*, I thought up several more of my own.

The thing boils down to two questions: is a common language (for Europe) desirable; and, if so, should that language be English? Decidedly, we should refuse to abandon our own tongue—could we fairly expect all the other countries to agree to abandon theirs? Mr. Harrison contends that the abolition of the language difficulty would be synonymous with the abolition of war. If we understood what other people were saying (he says), we should feel much more sympathetic with them. This I do doubt—the things that people say in plain English more often irritate me than win my heart. Mr. Harrison also contends that a number of promising friendships between people of different countries get nipped in the bud by lack of a common tongue. But a great part of one's wish to make friends with a Frenchman (say) is often due to the fact that he is French: lop away, with his native speech, a major part of his Frenchness, and he would become just another ordinary man. I like my foreigners foreign: if I like them enough I am willing to learn their language, and hope that they may learn mine.

Yes, *Exit Babel* is striking—and the reasoning in it should at least be commended for its ingenuousness. And, if only by rousing the spirit of contradiction, the book invites one to think. It contains no statements that are, probably, wilder than many that one has made in one's own time. Its belief in human nature is, somehow, touching—and no sincere belief is ever to be despised.

### Poems and Pictures

"A GENERATION RISEN": A Book of Poems and Pictures by John Masefield and Edward Seago (Collins; 12s. 6d.), is, says the Poet Laureate, "not so much a record as a tribute to some of the young people who have come forward to save the nation in her danger." Fleeting moments in the lives of young men in the Forces, of ambulance and factory girls, of landworkers, have been doubly immortalised in these pages, in which picture and poem stand face to face. Simplicity and feeling have been the aim. The older generation will want to possess this book, and to hold it in trust for the young who are still to come—the children of the young people depicted here.



*Men's clothes by*  
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There may be some difficulty in obtaining Drescott Clothes, as supplies are limited owing to the necessary restriction of all civilian wear.

But they will adequately repay the extra trouble in looking for them.



As soon as the warm weather arrives the little frock will come into its own again, as it is so pleasant to relax in at the end of a strenuous day. Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly, are very successfully making a feature of these. Among them is the dress-suit seen above, which is expressed in a soft woolly material, pink and blue being represented in the vest. Colour contrasts are well understood in these salons, and so is the role of accessories. Wonderful value is seen in the Utility fashions, especially in the camel-hair shades: some have belts while others are innocent of them. Wet-weather wear has a department all to itself. Some of the garments are plain while others are patterned in cheerful colours. Practical shopping- and handbags have come into their own. They are well made with simple fastenings

## THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

BY M. E. BROOKE

There is really nothing more practical for out-of-door work in general than the outfit below, which has been designed and carried out by Lillywhites, Piccadilly. The trousers are of cotton "Bedford," checked flannel being used for the shirt. The entire affair is simple and becoming. Divided skirts are well represented in these salons, but are really more suitable for the woman who is not so slender as she would like to be. Attention must be drawn to the fact that cotton shirts are looked on with favour. They have neat turnover collars. Many have long sleeves as they protect the arms from the sun, there being nothing more painful than blistered skin. Naval, military and Air Force kit has received attention; both for men and women. It seems almost superfluous to mention that everything is admirably tailored, and of the best materials procurable. Further details will be given on application





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## BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

### Stories from Everywhere

"How many times shall I bow?" said the novice entertainer at the battalion variety show.

"Bow?" said the stage manager. "No bowing for you, mate—you'll have to duck."

ONE day, Hitler, very bothered and nervous, said to Goering:

"Hermann, how much longer have we got food for?"

Goering, with a smile of satisfaction, replied: "Oh! for about ten years."

Beside himself with joy, Hitler exclaimed: "But how wonderful! I'll make a

speech to-morrow and tell my people. How glad they will be."

Goering replied: "People? Whoever talked about the people? I mean, of course, for us two."

STOPPING a passer-by outside a police station, a constable said: "Could you spare a minute to come inside, sir?"

"What for?" was the suspicious answer.

"To take part in an identity parade," the constable explained. "You won't be kept five minutes."

"May-be!" snorted the passer-by. "They told me that yarn last time and I was kept three months."



*Dual Premiere for "Commandos Strike at Dawn"*

"Commandos Strike At Dawn," a tribute to the unconquerable people of Norway, is to have a special gala performance at the Gaumont Theatre, Haymarket, on Monday, April 5. H.M. King Haakon VII of Norway has given his patronage and the entire proceeds of the evening are to be devoted to King Haakon's Fund for Norway. On the same evening, the film will also be presented at the Marble Arch Pavilion. Stars of the film are Paul Muni, Anna Lee, Lillian Gish and Sir Cedric Hardwicke.

ON arriving home Mr. Smith found a franc in his small change, so he went to do a little shopping, taking John, aged five, with him.

He went to the grocer's, and the grocer, looking at the franc, said: "Why, that's a franc!" and handed it back.

He then went to the chemist, and the chemist said that the coin was of foreign extraction, and useless to him.

"Good heavens, so it is!" exclaimed Mr. Smith. "I wonder where I got that?"

"Don't you know, daddy?" said little John. "That's the one you showed the grocer!"

BOMBS had fallen for the first time in a safe area.

"Lumme," said one evacuee to another, as they surveyed the ruins. "Fah makes you 'ome-sick, don't it?"

A SOLDIER asked for exemption from church parade on the ground that he was an agnostic.

"Don't you believe in the Ten Commandments?" asked the sergeant-major. "Not one, sir," was the reply.

"Not even the rule about keeping the Sabbath?"

"No, sir."

The sergeant-major smiled.

"Ah, well, you're the very man I've been looking for to scrub out the officers' mess."

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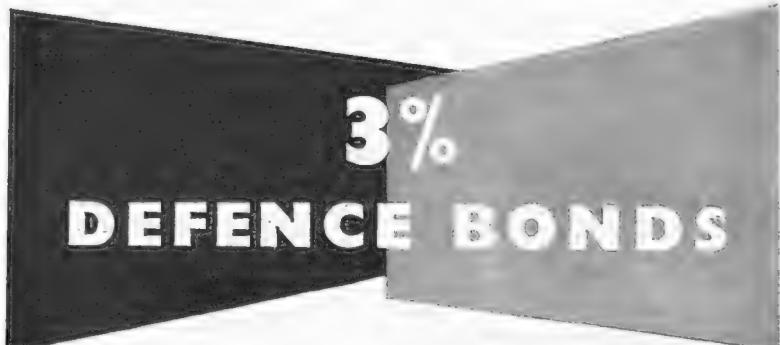
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# AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

## Estimate Time

Now that we know about the Air Estimates and the announcements made by Sir Archibald Sinclair in introducing them, it is worth recalling that the prelude to the Estimates every year in the past has been a spate of prophecy. It has apparently been thought by the aviation writers that, by predicting with a sufficient air of confidence, every conceivable novelty, the real novelties will almost certainly be covered.

Usually the prophecy exceeds the performance; but just occasionally it has been the other way about; just occasionally a Secretary of State for Air has been able to announce some scheme bigger than anything which had previously arisen in the minds of the commentators. The inference I draw from the rarity with which the performance exceeds the prediction is that the country has not appreciated the full scope and scale of aviation. It has not seen the possible largeness of it. It has been too small and niggling. That has not been the fault of the Secretaries of State. They have often looked forward well enough. But their activities in peace have been confined by finance and in war by inter-Service problems.

## An Upper Air Ministry

This war brought opportunity to aviation. The Royal Air Force seized the opportunity with both hands and has established a tradition which is among the finest in all military history. I question if the political side has been so successful. Supposing, for example, the Air Ministry, instead of opposing suggestions for the creation of a separate Fleet Air Arm and a separate Army air force, had gone on ahead and pushed forward with such formations for the other two Services. Supposing it had demanded big military transport machines and dive bombers and torpedo carriers in addition to its own types; might it not then have seen the Royal Air Force flanked by two land-air and sea-air arms largely still under its control, yet serving efficiently

the needs of the Senior Services? And it is not only in the directions of the Navy and the Army that the Air Ministry might with justice and (I believe) with public support, have extended its scope. It could almost certainly have taken over a part of civil defence against bombing—on the principle of set an airman to catch an airman.

In short the desire for flying space has not been as strong as it might have been and as strong as many of those who have been in aviation for a long time hoped it would be. Flying may have been right to be retiring and modest in the earlier days. The letters to the newspapers from those who lived on the edges of aerodromes and were disturbed by the noise of engines, did not encourage self-satisfaction. Now, however, the world is air-conscious if not air-minded. Some strong personality is sure to come along and be its vigorous and uncompromising spokesman.

## The Londonderry Administration

NOTHING has shown more clearly the difficulties with which the earlier Secretaries of State had to contend than the book just written by the Marquess of Londonderry. I have just been reading this—the publishers are Macmillan—and it brings back vividly the astonishing combinations of ignorance and prejudice that cluttered up aeronautical progress. Lord Londonderry does well to pay tribute to that small band who had faith and who kept the aviation flag flying through the land-lubber years. Curiously enough it was during that time that aviation was "news." It was more written about then than it is now and there were the much publicised pioneers who always managed to give it an interesting twist. The sub-editors of those days kept their headlines about the ubiquitous "air girls" handy and were always ready for a big flight or a big failure. But they were not—as some people



## Honorary Members

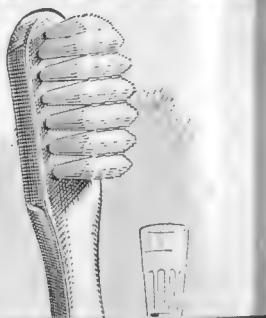
Air Marshal Sir Trafford Leigh-Mallory, D.S.O., A.O.C. in C., Fighter Command since November, was made an honorary member of Simpson's Service's Club, Piccadilly. With him here is Major A. Huskisson, M.C., who is organiser of the club

of Lord Sempill's plan is certainly that it is an idea really fitted to the circumstances. It is one of those inspirations which may well prove of extreme importance to the whole future of commercial flying.

## Production Illustration

THE introduction of partly skilled labour where there was only skilled labour before has brought out the problems of drawings. It is obvious that on the big aircraft production lines the operatives cannot be expected to be adept at blue-print reading, even if it were desirable. Fortunately an Englishman, Mr. George Tharratt, has devised and put into service with the Douglas Company a scheme of perspective drawings which vastly simplifies the whole process. The idea is so sound that it is being developed a part will always have its place in an engineering works, a part of the perspective drawings will be greatly reduced.

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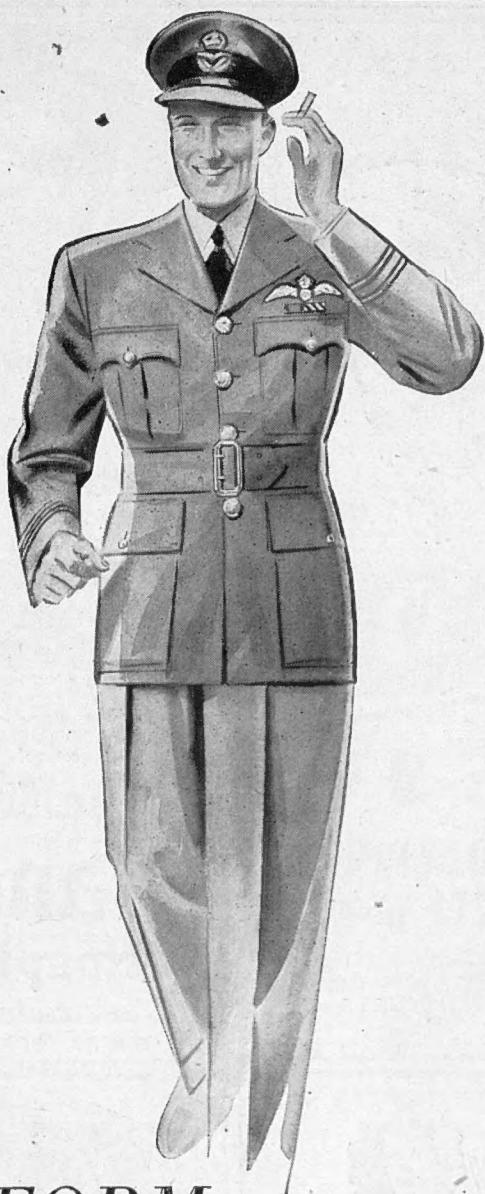
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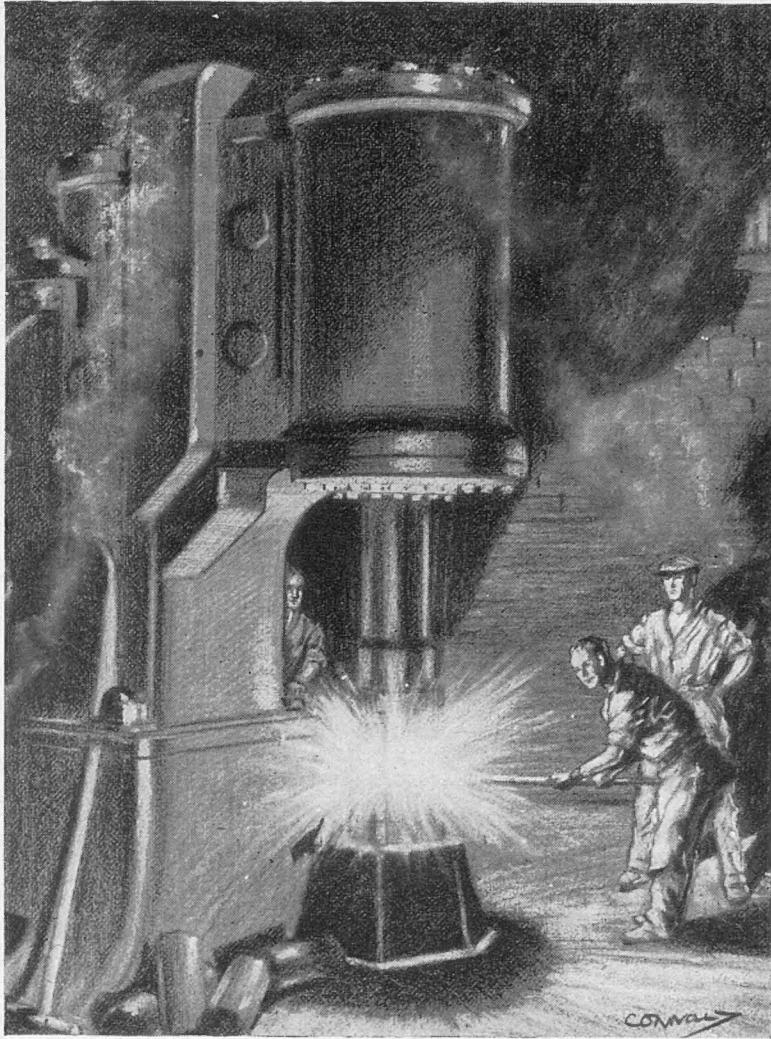
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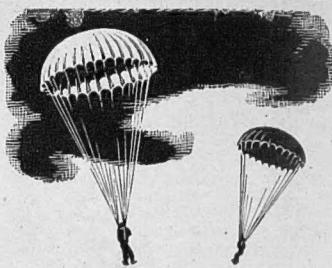
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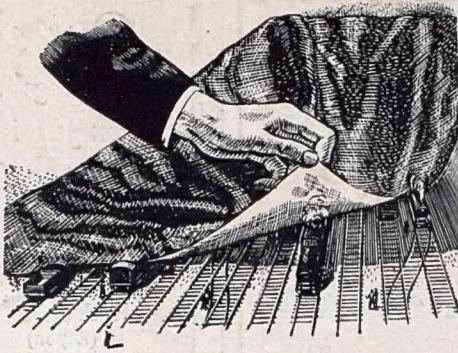
As women in uniform know  
Lasting smartness saves money, and so  
They wear shirts of 'Viyella'—Or maybe 'Clydella',  
And put up a jolly good show.



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Collars extra.

These goods can only be supplied to members of H.M. Services.



## UNDER COVER

**F**ACTS and figures about the war effort of British Railways are quite rightly kept "under cover." There is small wisdom in giving gratuitous information to an inquisitive enemy.

But known facts plus a little imagination reveal a story of enormous industry and resourceful organisation.

The railways, apart from the domestic transport needs of the country, are called upon to haul a gigantic amount of additional traffic.

Imports from overseas, and exports for war zones are conveyed by rail. Workpeople in ever-growing thousands are carried to and from factories, both old and new. Troops coming and troops going are transported by rail.

In face of these extra burdens, in face of increased difficulties in operation and the trying conditions of blackout, is there any wonder that facilities for domestic passenger travel have had to be substantially curtailed?

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